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The Sketch

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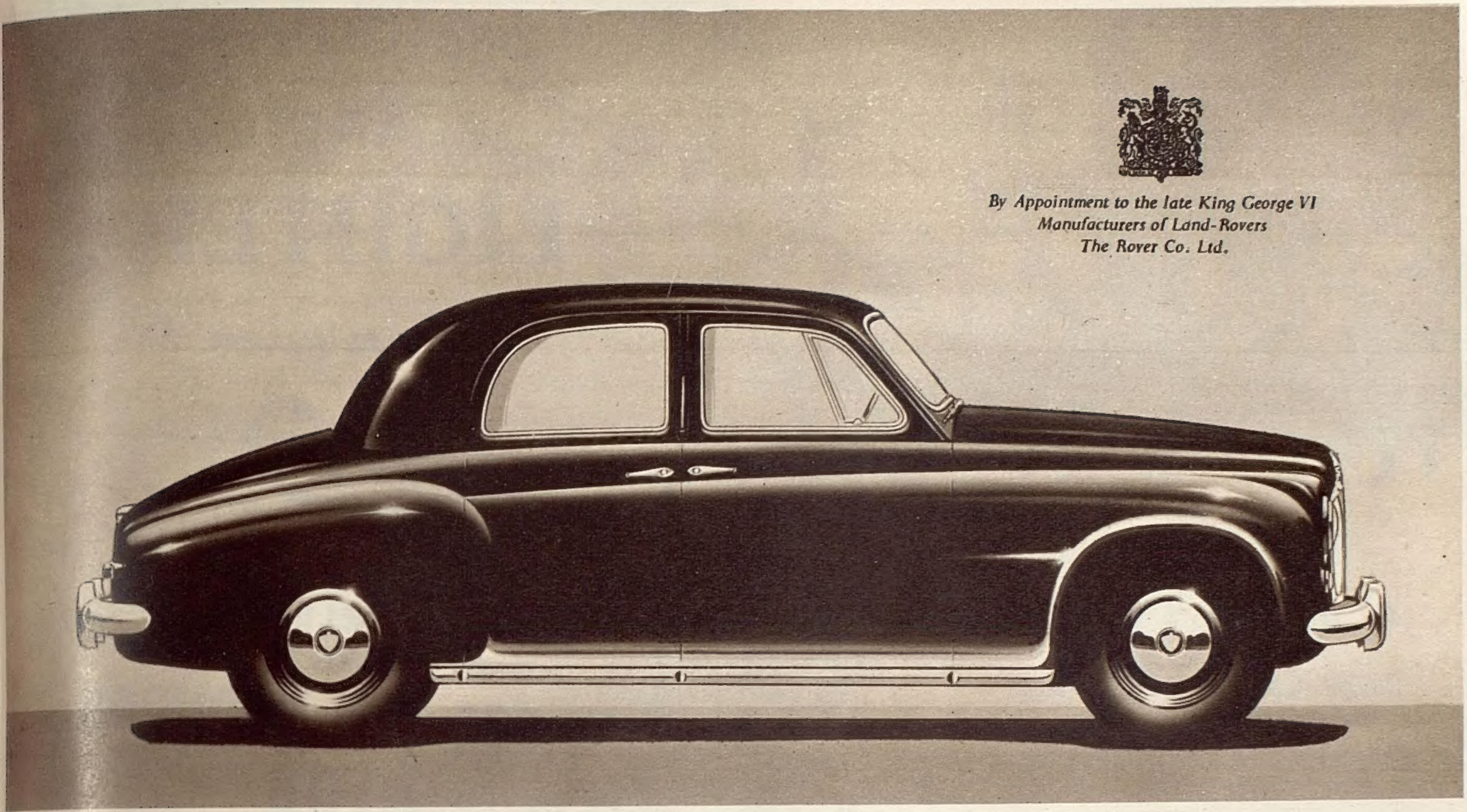

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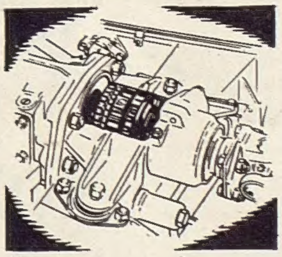

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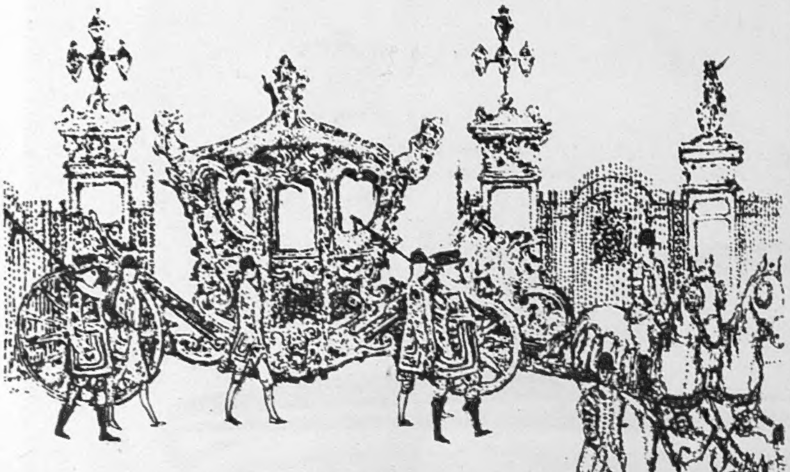

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Through Palace gates, before the crowd,
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And British hearts surge full and proud
Along the route of Queens and Kings,
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In London's brave historic streets.

Down Whitehall where the carriage goes,
By Downing Street and Treasury,
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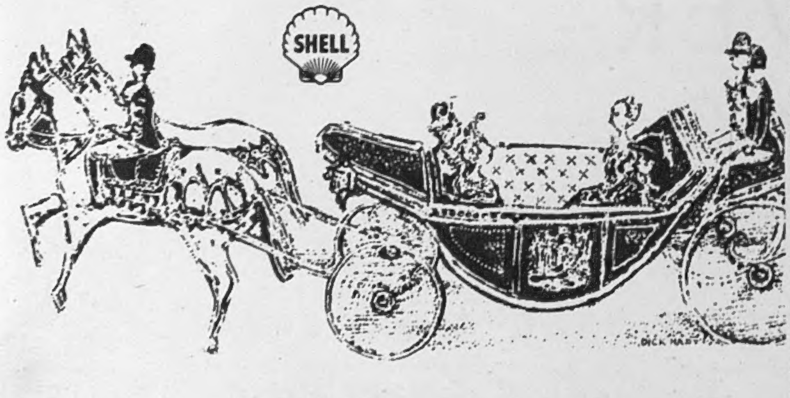
And Scottish Monarchs once made free:
Their Royal residence's fame
On Scotland Yard bestows its name.

Along Pall Mall, along St. James,
Old buildings echo with the din;
Old streets remember famous names:
Lord Byron, Wellington and Gwyn:
While Guardsmen's plumes awake the air
Like pigeons in Trafalgar Square.

Through Piccadilly, up Park Lane
Both drum and trumpet mark the beat,
And martial horses wheel to rein
Down Oxford, then, and Regent Street,
As we and strangers share the scene
—The crowning of a British Queen.

SHELL



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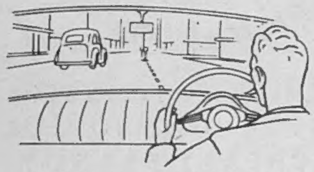

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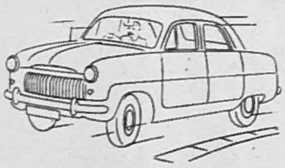

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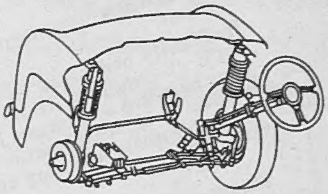

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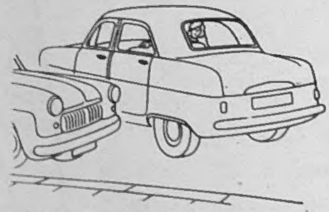

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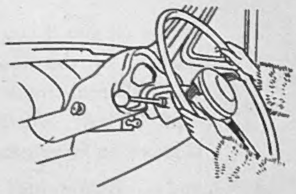

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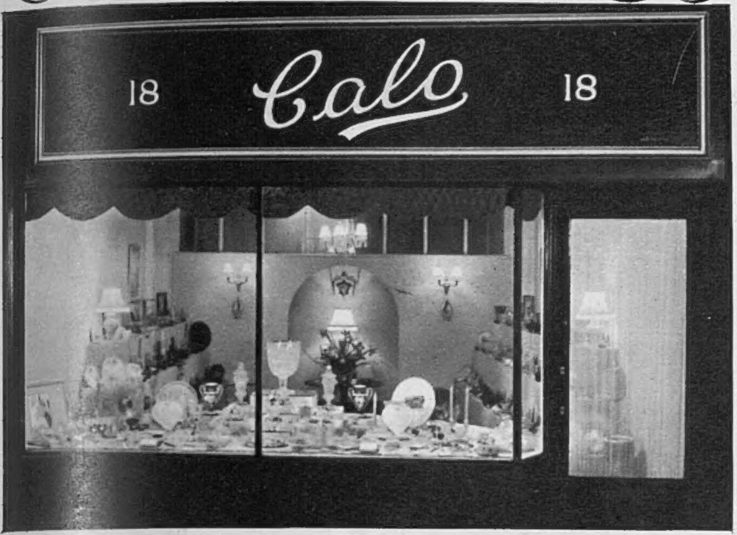

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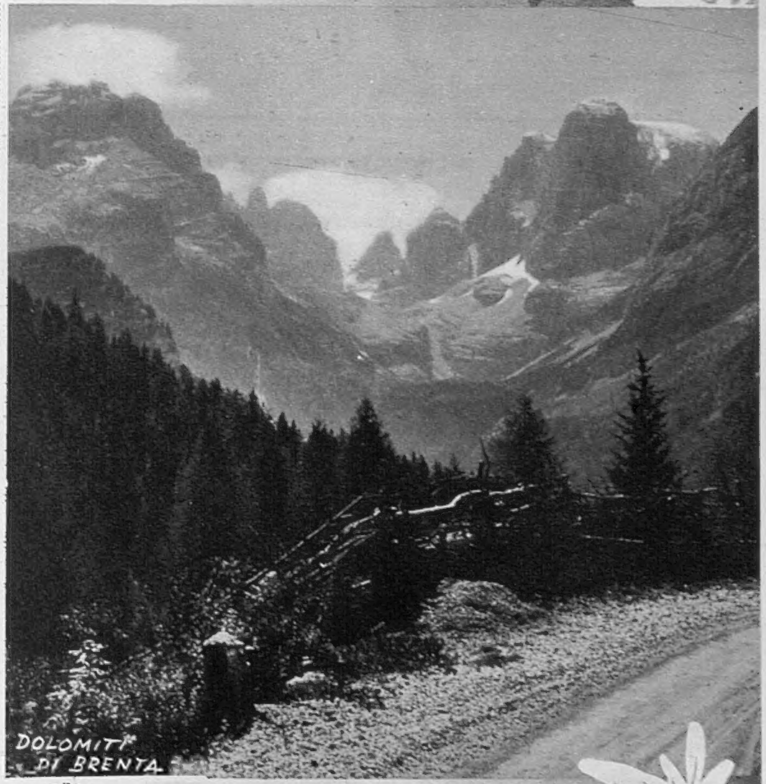

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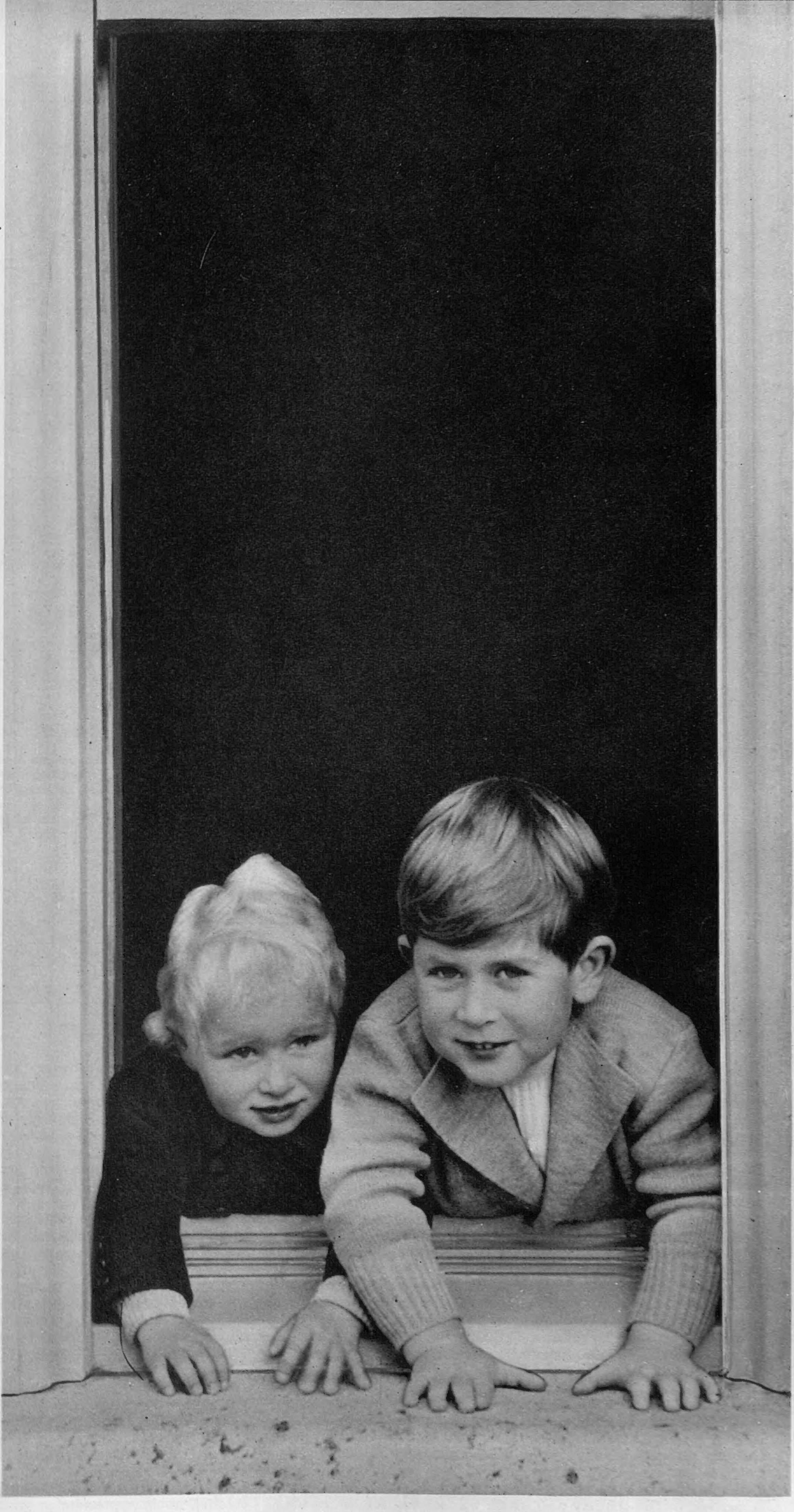
The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1953

(Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.)



ROYAL SPECTATORS

Life looked at through a window is an immensely interesting affair for Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who long ago discovered that there is always something fascinating going on outside if only one stops to watch. Yesterday, the Royal children, always enthusiastic onlookers on ceremonial occasions, saw a sight that, young as they are, they will never forget—the Coronation Procession for their mother. The pomp and ceremony of the Abbey proceedings, it was felt, would prove too tedious for the little Princess, and only a short period there was considered advisable for Prince Charles, but both children saw the procession. It must have seemed to them a fairy-tale come true—the beautiful golden coach, the colourful brilliance of dress and uniforms, the prancing, decorated horses—a spectacle to take away the breath of even such experienced spectators of ceremonial as the children of our Queen.

A CORONATION IN MINIATURE . . . More than 2000 toy soldiers and other models make up the miniature Coronation Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, which was opened in Piccadilly on May 19th by Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart. The models include an exact replica of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the scene above shows the Queen leaving the Abbey Annexe. Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, one of Her Majesty's Maids of Honour and daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, inspects the setting very closely. Looking for the Maids of Honour, perhaps ?

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

THIS column is written under difficulties—a printing time-table which ensures that it will appear the day after the Coronation, when the tumult and the shouting will have died. Not being gifted, in spite of Celtic blood, with second sight, I cannot foresee what will have happened on Coronation Day—and if I could, I should not be wasting my time in this way, I should be breaking the heart of bookmakers! Nevertheless, whatever the outcome, I feel that this is no bad moment to hand out a few bouquets in advance.

The first, and the biggest, must go, of course, to the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal. I remember that his first big test in that ancient and historic capacity was the funeral of King George V. Many people thought that "Mouse"—as he was known as a boy—would prove a mere cypher.

They were speedily disillusioned. From that moment, and particularly over the Coronation of King George VI., he showed himself to be very far from a figurehead. He was a most able chairman of committees, bringing an incisive, slightly eighteenth-century wit to the deflation of bores and the lightening of formal procedure. To this the Earl Marshal has always added a complete knowledge of the historic traditions of his great position.

He has had this from an early age. The story is told of him (*si non è vero . . .*) that as a young subaltern in the Household Cavalry he was on manœuvres. It was raining, and everything had gone wrong. Umpires, senior officers, in fact everyone placed in authority over him, had combined to tear strips off him. Finally he arrived at the country pub which was serving for the nonce as Regimental Headquarters. There, yet another senior officer had critical words to say. This was too much. Saluting smartly, he said: "I am sorry, Sir, but I must remind you that I am the Earl Marshal of England, and if this goes on it will be my painful duty to withdraw all arms from the armed forces." Which, indeed, technically, as Earl Marshal, whose mediæval job it was to see that the forces were mustered and properly supplied with hauberks, maces, bills, bows, *et al.*, he was entitled to do.

IF the Duke of Norfolk has been an admirable producer, Sir George Bellew, Garter King-of-Arms, has been an equally first-class stage manager. On him has fallen the responsibility for seeing to the ten thousand and one details of the Abbey service, the placing of guests from home and abroad, and determining order of precedence. Not the least worrying of his anxieties, I understand, was the necessity of getting his distinguished team of amateurs on the stage promptly for rehearsals.

His predecessor at the last Coronation, I gather, acquired many additional grey hairs, not least because those of his cast who had a sufficient sense of responsibility to turn up on time were in many cases "ga-ga." This time, I am told, Garter and his colleagues were pleasurably surprised by the admirable punctuality of the performers at rehearsals.

But then, as one of those performers told me, this time "we have had some pretty reliable characters, such as Alexander carrying the Orb, around the place"—a tribute which "Alex," I feel, would appreciate.

With the actual details of the Coronation, Lord Scarbrough as Lord Chamberlain will have had less to do. He, as an official of the Royal Household, walking beside the Lord High Steward, the Duke of Hamilton, behind the four Knights of the Garter bearing the canopy, has, however, had to look after the Buckingham and St. James's Palaces end—a task which has been only comparatively a sinecure! I wouldn't have, in any case, a level swop!

LAST, but not least, of the bouquets must go to David Eccles, the Minister of Works. I first met David before the war—when he was, I think, with Rio Tinto—at a Government Hospitality lunch, and got to know him well during the war, when he did a supremely useful job in Spain and Portugal. The Minister, or First Commissioner of Works, as he used to be known, comes into his own on these occasions. At other times his duties are largely confined to providing third-rate portraits for Embassies and Legations abroad, seeing that the pelicans in St. James's Park are properly fed and having Government offices repainted internally in the peculiarly revolting colours which apparently delight the heart of his Department.

Occasionally, the hour and the man meet, and you have a Minister of Works of real taste, culture and perception, as has happened most happily in this Coronation year. I gather that David has been very far from chairman of committee in the matter of Coronation decorations, even spending a considerable length of time over the exact shade of primrose and grey, and red and grey respectively, for the important structures which his Department caused to be erected for the greater comfort of loyal male and female citizens.

If, too, any readers who were in public stands will have been able to refresh themselves at booths behind those stands, here again they must thank David Eccles. For it was he who encouraged the caterers to obtain special licences for this purpose, and let licensing magistrates know that in so doing they had the full backing of her Majesty's Government.

Indeed, there has not been a Minister of Works of such admirable breadth of vision, and possessed of such good taste since the late Sir Philip Sassoon, who was responsible, among other things, for the planting of the myriads of crocuses and daffodils which in normal Springs delight the eye on the Park Lane side of Hyde Park. This year, as at the last Coronation, they will have been largely killed off by the stands erected over them. David can best, I think, pay a tribute to the shade of his predecessor by seeing that they are replanted next year.

IT is appropriate in this Coronation Year that one of the temples at Stowe, for the restoration of which the school is appealing for funds, should be the "Temple of British Worthies." For among the admirable epitaphs above the statues in the niches is one of Queen Elizabeth I., who, among other things, "confounded the projects and destroyed the power that threatened to oppress the liberties of Europe, took off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny . . . and by a wise and moderate and popular government gave wealth, security and respect to England."

These beautifully balanced epitaphs (it is not difficult to recognise the eighteenth-century content in Sir Winston Churchill's speech) include one on Milton, "whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the world."

I am never quite sure, though, which I like better (because they are both so good) the epitaph on Shakespeare or that on Alexander Pope—a frequent visitor to Stowe at the time when Lord Cobham was erecting these monuments in what he made the most beautiful landscape garden in England. Shakespeare's, if I remember rightly, runs: "Whose excellent genius opened to him the whole art of man, all the minds of fancy, all the stores of nature, and gave him power beyond all other writers to move, astonish and delight mankind." Pope is remembered for the fact that he "united the correctness of judgment to the fire of genius" and "by the melody and power of his numbers gave sweetness to sense and grace to philosophy. He employed the pointed brilliancy of wit to chastise the vices, and the eloquence of poetry to exalt the virtues of human nature, and being without a rival in his own age, imitated and translated with a spirit equal to the originals, the best poets of antiquity."

It would be a pity if the appeal was not successful, for the temples—in the eighteenth century they were so disposed that from each one you could see two others—are some of the most charming buildings in the country. My favourites are probably the Queen's Temple, and the Temple of Ancient Virtue. Cobham built a Temple of Modern Virtue, but annoyed Horace Walpole by building it—in ruins. In the same way, when he quarrelled with his cousin, the great Earl of Chatham, he had part of the Temple of Friendship, which had originally been dedicated to Chatham, pulled down to show that their amity was in ruins. It must have been fun to make jokes or be able to sulk in architecture!

BUSHY: by Hargrave

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY..."

AMONG the many functions which seem to be crowding upon us in this exhausting year, there is one in particular to which I am looking forward. This is the Primrose League Coronation Ball at the Dorchester Hotel on June 11th, of which Lord Mancroft, now in his second year as Chancellor, and his energetic lady, will be the presiding geniuses. The Primrose League, which was once a considerable political force, but was practically dead two or three years ago, is now on the upgrade again. One thing might accelerate the process—if it were to drop its ludicrous nomenclature. Names such as its "Grand Habitation," which was held recently at the Albert Hall, are only really suitable for the simpler type of rude joke.

AMONG the large number of American visitors who have been in London recently, I am indebted to Mr. Edward Lipscombe, the expert on cotton who, at a lunch given for him by Sir Charles Hambro and the Dollar Exports Council, said in his speech that he always believed in taking an objective view of any problem, adding that he supposed that he had inherited this habit from his grandfather, the famous figure in Columbus, Mississippi, who had written "An Unbiased History of the Civil War from the Southern point of view."

Another pleasant American was Mr. John Wood, the president of Brooks Brothers. Brooks Brothers in the States is a name to conjure with, as their five stores from New York to Los Angeles constitute the equivalent of the whole of Savile Row, plus all the bespoke West End shirt-makers, shoe-makers and hatters rolled into one. John was over here to see his British suppliers, for nearly 80 per cent. of everything marketed by Brooks Brothers comes either directly or indirectly from this country. It was not surprising that Brigadier "Mack" Mackeson, the Secretary for Overseas Trade, took time off from an important debate in the House to come to John's party. For if all great American firms were like Brooks Brothers, instead of our having a dollar problem the United States would be facing the Battle of the Sterling Gap.

Mary, Duchess Dowager of Devonshire, the Mistress of the Robes, is always present at State functions, presentation parties and garden parties, and also keeps the roster of the Ladies-in-Waiting and the Women of the Bedchamber. She is seen here leaving Westminster Abbey, following a Coronation rehearsal, with her grandson the young Marquess of Hartington, who acted as her page, carrying her coronet in the Abbey procession.

THE MISTRESS OF THE ROBES —

LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL
Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

LADY JANE VANE-TEMPEST-STEWART
Daughter of Earl Vane, Marquess of Londonderry.

LADY MOYRA HAMILTON
Daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Hamilton.

LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON
Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Haddington.

LADY JANE HEATHCOTE-DRUMMOND-WILLOUGHBY
Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster.

LADY ANNE COKE
Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester.

—AND THE QUEEN'S MAIDS OF HONOUR

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH in his uniform as Admiral of the Fleet which he wore in the Abbey yesterday.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER MICHAEL PARKER, M.V.O., R.N. (*Private Secretary*).

SQUADRON-LEADER BERESFORD HORSLEY, A.F.C. (*Equerry*).

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK BROWNING, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (*Treasurer*).

MR. N. G. REES (Midshipman, R.N.) (*Page*).

MAJOR-GENERAL HON. MAURICE WINGFIELD, C.M.G., D.S.O. (*Standard Bearer*).

MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR CHATER, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E. (*Harbinger*).

ATTENDANT UPON H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARITA of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, eldest of the Duke of Edinburgh's sisters, photographed recently in a charming family group at their home in Langenburg. H.R.H. Prince Gottfried of Hohenlohe-Langenburg is seated, *left*, and standing are the Hereditary Prince Kraft and Prince Andreas. The younger boys, who are twins, are Prince Albrecht and Prince Ruprecht, and the Princess Beatrix is seated on her mother's left.

SISTERS OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Among the distinguished Royal visitors who attended the Abbey yesterday were the three sisters of the Duke of Edinburgh, with their husbands. For Prince Charles and Princess Anne, their presence in England means a meeting for the first time with some of their cousins from abroad. Nearest in age to the Royal children are the two small sons of the Duke of Edinburgh's third sister, Princess Sophie, of whom, unfortunately, no photograph was available as we went to press. The fair-haired Princes Welf (six) and George (three), who have already visited England, are the children of her marriage to Prince George of Hanover; she has two sons and three daughters by her marriage to Prince Christopher of Hess, who died in 1943.

H.R.H. PRINCESS THEODORA, pictured here with her husband, the Margrave of Baden, and their three children, is the Duke of Edinburgh's second sister. Standing between her brothers, Prince Maximilian, nineteen, and Prince Ludwig, fifteen, is the Princess Margarita, twenty, who is training as a nurse at St. Thomas' Hospital. Prince Maximilian has been at Gordonstoun School in Scotland, where his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, was educated.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET

Some Books Inspired by the Coronation

by Rupert Croft-Cooke

MOST publishers have produced books for the Coronation and many of these are lavishly illustrated and presented. Here are a dozen or so which will serve as pleasant souvenirs, and one or two more on cognate subjects or with some link with the occasion, which may be of special interest just now.

* *

First, **Dedication: A Selection from the Public Speeches of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.**, compiled by Joan Werner Laurie (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). This elegant quarto consists of twenty-nine short extracts from speeches made by the Queen between 1945 and 1952, each set beside a full-page photograph which adds point to it rather than merely illustrating it. It is well conceived and the short passages are cleverly chosen. If it must be regarded as a souvenir volume it is a very good one.

* *

The Queen and Her Royal Relations, by Conrad Miller-Brown (Hart-Davis; 7s. 6d.), is genealogy made clear, interesting and even artistic in a number of Royal family trees, which show the connections of the ruling house with those, reigning or in exile, of Greece, Denmark, Yugoslavia, Spain, and so on.

* *

Royal Homes (Odhams; 12s. 6d.) is a collection of photographs with suitable letterpress partly provided by A. L. Rouse, from which something may be seen of interiors and exteriors at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, Balmoral Castle, Sandringham, and other Royal homes. There is a most interesting chapter on Royal homes of the past—St. James's Palace, Kensington Palace, Hampton Court, and so on.

* *

From homes to collections, and we have a finely-written and illustrated monograph on **The Queen's Silver,** by A. G. Grimwade (Connoisseur; 21s.). It is interesting to learn that all the Royal plate is post-Restoration, although the English Royal collection in Tudor times was reputed to be the most precious in Europe. Most of it was melted down during the Civil War and Commonwealth, and Charles II. had to provide regalia and plate afresh. The illustrations show some superb examples of silversmiths' work in the last three centuries.

* *

Less relevant to the occasion, but as well-written and illustrated, is **Four Centuries of European Jewellery,** by Ernle Bradford (Country Life; 42s.). Although the publishers say that it has been to some extent designed to meet the need of art-students and younger jeweller-craftsmen, it is not too technical to be enjoyed by anyone with the least interest in gems, metals and the processes of making jewellery.

* *

More to the point just now is an excellent little book, **The British Court: Its Traditions and Ceremonials,** by Ifan Kyrle Fletcher (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). This explains clearly the symbolism behind the various traditional ceremonies and gives the important historical facts which go to the making of to-day's rites. It could well serve as introduction and commentary for **The Music with the Form and Order of the Service to be Performed at The Coronation of Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.** (Novello; 8s. 6d.). This will be a godsend to the many thousands of us who will listen only to the broadcast account of the Coronation.

* *

The New Elizabethans, by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson; 15s.), is an attempt to compare us with the subjects of Good Queen Bess and not always to our disadvantage. Sir Philip is discursive and his book at times becomes sentimental, even a little fatuous. In his third chapter, "The English Village," he loses my confidence by writing with wild inaccuracy about gipsies who speak, he says, "the old Romany—the oldest language in Europe, older in its roots than Sanskrit," and claims that a gipsy girl told him that fire was called "rook" in her language. Such a blunder, or a leg-pull, in a book demanding accuracy and clear judgment is disconcerting, and I continued reading with lessening interest. But for anyone who wants a tonic, who wants to believe in our younger generation contrasted with those of previous centuries, this makes comforting reading.

* *

It astonished me to find in its blurb that **Cope's Royal Cavalcade of the Turf,** edited by Alfred Cope (David Cope; 10s.), speaks of Royalty's close associations with racing "over the past 2000 years." This seemed a bold claim to make, and its justification apparently is that Roman Emperors visited Britain and watched horse-racing and that Boadicea kept her own stud. Later associations are less problematic, and when we read of the Georges at Newmarket or on Epsom Downs and see some excellent reproductions of contemporary prints, we become prepared for the Prince of Wales's Derby win with *Persimmon* in 1896, and photographs of Royal winners and observers in living memory and in the immediate past.

* *

Scarcely in this collection, yet since the first Elizabeth is so much discussed at least worth mentioning in an aside, is **Within the Frosty Night,** by Flora Sandstrom (Barker; 15s.). This is a powerful novel, written in sharp terms, and based on the life of Mary I., "Bloody Mary." Miss Sandstrom traces the cruel and narrow history of her girlhood and shows the things which went to embitter our most misunderstood sovereign after her strange and lonely upbringing.

* *

They Serve the Queen, by Randolph Churchill (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), gives a clear insight into the function of such people as the Lord Chamberlain, the Crown Equerry or the Women of the Bedchamber, pointing out that these titles are not more or less nominal offices, but that their holders are an integral part of Court circles, with very definite parts to play. Altogether a very readable book, aptly illustrated.

* *

Coronation Day was, of course, a day of pageantry and splendour, to be remembered on that account alone. Queens, **Crowns and Coronations,** by Lewis Broad (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), sets out to supply added significance to the pageantry and splendour by furnishing an account of the age-old customs and traditions underlying the actual ceremonial.

* *

Also dealing with the Coronation ceremony and explaining sections of the ritual and what they stand for; detailing the order and rank of peers and priests taking part and giving a brief history of earlier Coronations is **The Crowning of the Sovereign,** by Jocelyn Perkins (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). Dr. Perkins is a Sacrist of Westminster Abbey and has now taken part in four Coronations.

* *

Finally there are three pictorial biographies of members of our Royal family, all published by Odhams at 12s. 6d. **Queen Mary, Her Life and Times,** by Marguerite D. Peacocke, traces the story of "the most universally beloved and revered woman of our time," "the first Queen who ever lived to see her granddaughter ascend the throne of England" from her girlhood as Princess May of Teck to the death of King George VI. **The Duke of Edinburgh,** by Malcolm Thompson, gives, with nearly 200 photographs, the familiar details of the Duke's upbringing and young manhood and his public service since the Royal marriage. **The Duke of Windsor** is a uniform volume in which we see King Edward VIII. from babyhood in the arms of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, to his part in the funeral of his brother, the late King.

In Honour of a Famous Public School

Edmund Blunden

The 400th anniversary of Christ's Hospital this year is a notable event in the annals of our public schools, and not the least notable memento of the occasion is The Christ's Hospital Book *(Hamish Hamilton; 25s.), a commemorative volume of anthology compiled by an editorial committee of four Old Blues—Edmund Blunden, Eric Bennett, Philip Youngman Carter and J. E. Morpurgo—who have had the assistance of many other old boys of the school in the production of an outstanding historical work of a high literary standard.*

The book, which has a foreword by the Duke of Gloucester, President of Christ's Hospital, contains more than fifty apt illustrations, including the portrait of Edmund Blunden reproduced above from a drawing by Philip Youngman Carter, now Assistant Editor of The Tatler.

It is as certain that Old Blues all over the world will welcome this nostalgic addition to their bookshelves as it is that they will warmly approve one of its opening quotations from Sir William Hamilton Fyfe: "And to give you . . . my mature and unshakeable conviction that Christ's Hospital is the best school in the world."

T.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE AND CROWN PRINCESS OF NORWAY.

T.R.H. PRINCE AXEL AND PRINCESS MARGARETHA OF DENMARK.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

T.R.H. THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE JEAN AND GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBOURG.

H.R.H. PRINCE BERTIL OF SWEDEN.

H.R.H. AMIR FAHAD OF SAUDI ARABIA.

T.R.H. PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHULA CHAKRABONGSE OF THAILAND.

H.R.H. PRINCE BAO LONG OF VIET-NAM.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT OF LIÉGE.

H.R.H. EMIR ABDUL ILLAH OF IRAQ.

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF LAOS.

H.R.H. PRINCE SAIF AL ISLAM AL HASSAN OF YEMEN.

SOME ROYAL GUESTS FROM ABROAD

THE EARL MARSHAL, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, AND THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

THE VISCOUNT DEVONPORT.

LADY BAGOT.

THE COUNTESS HOWE, WIFE OF EARL HOWE.

BARON FOLEY.

SOME PEERS AND PEERESSES
WHO ATTENDED THE CEREMONY IN THE ABBEY.

THE MOST REV. GEOFFREY FRANCIS FISHER, D.D.
By Arthur Fuller.

As the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher had the high honour of performing the Sacring and Crowning of our new Sovereign in Westminster Abbey yesterday.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G., G.C.V.O
By Arthur G. Mills.

As Earl Marshal, the Duke is head of the College of Arms whose staff assisted him in arranging the myriad details of the Coronation ceremonial.

FIELD MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT ALANBROOKE, K.G., G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O.
By Francis Helps.

As Lord High Constable of England, Viscount Alanbrooke was one of the officers of the Regalia.

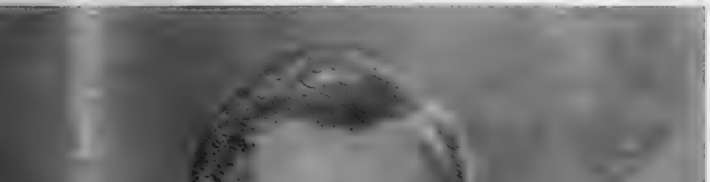
FIELD MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN K.G., G.C.B., D.S.O.
By Reginald Lewis.

As the Royal Standard-bearer, Viscount Montgomery followed the bearers of the Quarterings of the Royal Arms.

"PORTRAITS FOR POSTERITY"—

THE RT. HON. SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., O.M., C.H.
By Reginald Lewis.
As Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, Sir Winston followed the Prime Ministers of the Members of the Commonwealth in the Abbey procession.

THE RT. REV. WILLIAM WAND, D.D.
By Reginald Lewis.
As Bishop of London, Dr. Wand bore the Paten in the Queen's procession in Westminster Abbey, immediately preceding the Queen herself.



THE RT. HON. DAVID McADAM ECCLES.
By Reginald Lewis.
As Minister of Works, the enormous task of arranging the seating in the Abbey and along the processional route fell to Mr. Eccles.

THE EARL OF DERBY, M.C.
By Mary Eastman.
As a Standard-bearer, the Earl of Derby was one of the three to bear the Quarterings of the Royal Arms which preceded the entry of the Royal Standard.

A Selection of Portraits from an Exhibition on view during Coronation Week at the Hans Galleries, Duke Street, S.W.1.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

Sport: A Royal Inheritance

DELVING into past records, I came across an Act dated 1491, issued at the command of James IV. strictly forbidding the playing of "Fute-ball, Golfe or uther sik unprofitabill sportis" that were calculated to interfere with "the commoun gude of the realme and defence thereof." Such measures were short-lived, for sport is an integral part of our social fabric, claiming the interest, support, and at times active participation, of a long line of monarchs.

Take, for instance, the Sport of Kings, and, in particular, the Derby. It is a mistake to imagine that the Derby inaugurated horse-racing at Epsom. I have found references to a race-meeting as far back as 1648. Allusions to such racing occur in the reigns of Charles, William III. and Mary, Queen Anne and the early Georges, until the days of George III., when the Epsom meetings became identified with the Derby. I suppose the turning-point in its popularity came in 1840, when Queen Victoria watched the race for the first time with the Prince Consort. The tonic value of that gracious acknowledgment was considerable, for racing at that time was languishing. From that stage it became fashionable, and rightly so, for the Derby is unique.

As I write, the stands are empty and unconcerned at the prospect of entertaining Royalty. The winning-post is unaware of its significance. The course is blissfully unconscious of its existence. Yet the very earth is larded with history. The Coronation Derby should be memorable, especially with her Majesty's entry, *Aureole*, at the moment being favourite. I should like to be able to compare the scene with the Coronation Derby of Edward VII., which was won by *Ard Patrick*. The Edwardian days were brief, but they knew richness. It was the era of the horse. Instead of petrol fumes we would have seen landaus, brakes, chaises, gigs, dogcarts, Cockney costers jogging along on their mokes, four-in-hands, dancing and music in the town at night, whilst the King sometimes entertained the Jockey Club at the Palace.

Her Majesty the Queen's chestnut colt *Aureole* (by Hyperion-Angelola), ridden by W. H. Carr, is well up in the list of favourites for the Coronation Year Derby.

THE Derby is impressive, yet somehow I link Royalty more with Ascot. To me, Royal Ascot is the greatest of race meetings, the outstanding out-of-doors social function of the season. There is nothing quite like Ascot.

You find on the Heath at Ascot every section of the community, beginning with the Queen and the Royal family and gradually widening until it takes in every man, woman and child who can take a holiday. I know of no other social function that presents such contrasts. Every walk of life is present, rich and poor, bourgeois and proletariat, champagne and jellied eels.

I can visualise masses of pretty faces, pretty frocks, velvety lawns, flowers, bands, strawberries and cream, tipsters, the view across the Heath, and that tremendous moment before the races start when the Queen and members of the Royal family with their guests at Windsor Castle drive up the course from the Golden Gates into the enclosure behind the Royal Stand. An air of grandeur hangs about its gold and scarlet splendour. The spirits of history and English conservatism intermingle. The grooms are in Ascot livery. The Standard breaks from the mast over the Royal Box . . .

It is an unforgettable scene spanning two centuries. The meeting was inaugurated at a time of international strife and political tension at home. For relaxation, the Queen turned to horses and horse-racing. During an early summer drive in 1711 she stopped on the Common at Ascot. Noting its possibilities, she gave instructions for a racecourse to be laid out, and announced her intention of presenting a challenge plate. The Royal commands were carried out, for we find in the *London Gazette* of July 12th, 1711, an announcement that "Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas will be run for round the new heat on Ascot Common, near Windsor, on Tuesday, the 7th of August next, by any horse, mare, or gelding, being no more than six years old the grass before, as must be certified under the hand of the breeder, carrying 12 st., three heats, to be entered the last day of July, at Mr. Hancock's, at Fern Hill, near the Starting Post." The course was not ready in time and the races were postponed until Saturday, August 11th, 1711, when Queen Anne and her suite drove in brilliant array from Windsor Castle to inaugurate the Ascot Races.

Force of circumstances denied us a description of the race by Swift. On August 10th, 1711, he wrote: "While at Windsor, Dr. Arbuthnot, the Queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to show me the place; we went a little after the Queen and overtook Miss Forester, a maid-of-honour, on her palfry, taking the air; we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse race tomorrow, where the Queen will come." But in a letter to Stella, dated August 13th, 1711, Swift wrote: "I missed the race today by coming too late, when everybody's coach was gone, and ride I would not."

The Sport of Kings has been rightly named, but there are many other sporting pursuits and interests peculiar to our soil that both monarch and commoner can enjoy. Horses have always been popular. It can be seen in the Row . . . an exercising ground where the business man tries to imagine that the world and its worries cannot break the spell of the even jogging of his horse. He gives way to the mid-morning canter of less preoccupied riders. The jingle of bits in the heart of traffic, a tradition unbroken since the days of Henry VIII.

The scene changes . . . the Grand National course at Aintree, Epsom Downs, the beauty of Goodwood, the bowl at Chester, the July course at Newmarket, the Heath at Ascot, hunting, point-to-point, shows, but the focus remains unchanged.

OTHER shared pleasures would be the challenging note of a hound, the melodious cry of the pack, fences flying beneath the horse's hoofs, wind rushing in the ears. Those who long for hunting, be it monarch or subject, can feel the blood tingling in their veins as the acorns slip from their cups and the larches stand sere under an autumn sky. There are few more stirring sights than to see hounds moving over the fields like cloud shadows. Then there is the inherent appeal of guns which inspire thoughts of beaters in fields of stubble, birches almost bare, a low wintry sun, long shadows and a cold sheen on wet Sandringham earth, or it could be the silence of the moors broken by the unceasing sound of trickling water, the scent of heather honey on a Highland night, the hum of insects, the mew of a buzzard and the challenge of an old cock grouse.

I would name next the indolent appeal of Henley . . . the hissing of oars through water . . . the colour and gaiety of a river carnival—royal and leisurely—in an olive-green setting, and Regency ghosts, when Frederick, Prince of Wales, owned Park Place, on the other side of the river, and entertained on a scale only rivalled in richness by the balls and masques held at Phyllis Court, which was jointly owned by Lord Villiers and Lord Grandison. The amusements graced by the Prince Regent must have enlivened the life of the local gentry. To-day pleasures are taken in more minor key, though the poplars still rise in mock astonishment at such abandon in a centre of such restrained entertainments.

Along the same lines it is difficult to realise the part that Newmarket once played in the affairs of State. Macaulay summed it up when he wrote: ". . . . it was not uncommon for the whole Court and Cabinet to go down there, posting in a single day." During Charles I.'s reign, Newmarket was virtually the administrative capital of England. The streets were a-bustle. Macaulay describes a cross-section: ". . . jewellers, milliners, players and fiddlers, venal wits and venal beauties, learned doctors from Cambridge and fox-hunting squires with their rosy-cheeked daughters." Gwynn House, in Palace Street, suggests titillating interludes, whilst the charms of Nell Gwynn must have countered the chill winds that whistled over the cobbled streets.

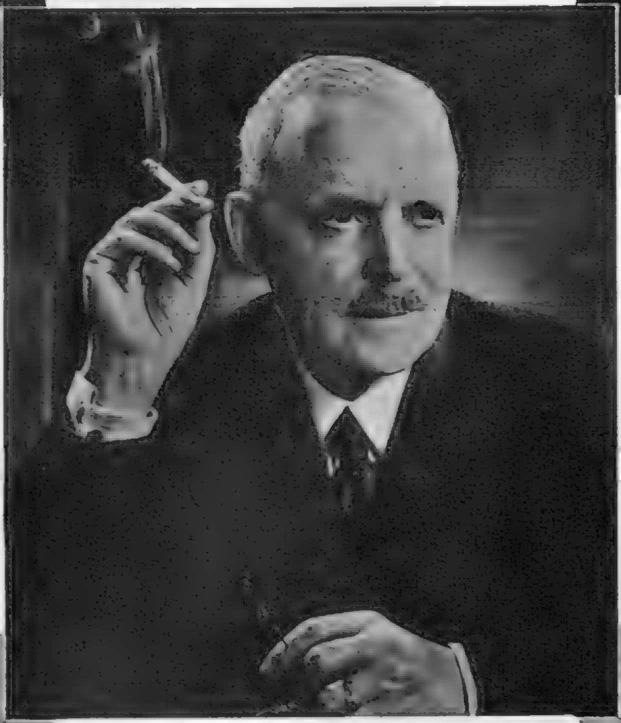
TURNING to contemporary sport, it is in keeping with the season to end with a thought of the occasions when members of the Royal family have honoured Lord's with their presence and identified themselves with this delectable expression of an Englishman's heritage against the slow-moving canvas of a lazy summer day, the tree-tops at the Nursery End quivering in the sun, white rails glistening, umpires in long white coats moving slowly to and fro, whilst the crowd stretches itself and smokes its pipe. Such is the leisureliness of cricket. In its fullness of grace and dignity, such is—Lord's. The personification of the tradition of English sport inherited alike by monarch and commoner.

THE RT. HON. ROBERT G. MENZIES, C.H., Q.C.
Australia.

MR. JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.
India.

THE RT. HON. SIDNEY G. HOLLAND, C.H.
New Zealand.

THE PRIME MINISTERS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH



THE RT. HON. LOUIS S. ST. LAURENT, Q.C.
Canada.

The Prime Ministers of the Members of the Commonwealth walked in the Abbey Coronation procession immediately following the Knights of the Garter appointed to hold the Canopy for the Queen's Anointing. Following the representatives of the Commonwealth came our own Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, Sir Winston Spencer-Churchill.

THE HON. MOHAMMED ALI.
Pakistan.

DR. THE HON. DANIEL F. MALAN.
South Africa.

THE HON. DUDLEY SENANAYAKE.
Ceylon.

Elizabeth the Second

By the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith.

This hitherto unpublished portrait of the Queen, painted by Mary Eastman, is reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Godfrey Hayman, of the Hans Galleries, Duke Street, St. James's, where it forms the centrepiece of a Coronation exhibition: *Portraits for Posterity.*

SOME COLOURFUL CORONATION

From the four corners of the world they have come, to see the Mother Country, to meet the people of Britain, and to do homage to their young Queen. Sarongs and sulus, saris and turbans, have become a commonplace in London's streets, and by the time

The National Brass Band of New Zealand, specially formed for the Coronation visit from the country's top-ranking civilian marching bands, were proud of their position as the only civilian band in the Coronation parade.

His Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyyid Sir Khalifa bin Harub, with the Sultana and their daughter, Princess Amal.

The fringed white sulus of the proud members of the Federation Regiment of Fiji are now familiar to Londoners.

A bearded hero from Malaya whose gallantry [illegible] him a place at the Coronation is Chief [illegible] Inspector Arjansingh Bhathal, C.P.M.

The Honourable T. Khan, from Pakistan, photographed on arrival at London Airport last week.

Mrs. I. Gandhi, daughter of Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, here as her father's hostess.

Corporal B. H. Armstrong of Regina, tallest of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Coronation procession.

From the Solomon Islands was war hero Mr. J. C. Vouza, District Headman of Tasimboko, Guadalcanal.

Chief Kawinga of Nyasaland, on arrival at London Airport last week.

VISITORS FOR THE FESTIVITIES

the great day dawned there were few who were not familiar with the colourful costumes and uniforms of a score of countries. We picture here a cross-section of the many visitors who poured into London in the past weeks, to be here for the Coronation.

The only reigning monarch to be a guest at the Coronation : Her Majesty Queen Salote of Tonga, in the Friendly Islands.

There is immense pride in the bearing of these Somaliland Scouts, Sergeants Abdullah Yusof, *left*, and Moh'd Mohdmoud.

From Borneo on his first visit was Penghulu Jugah, a descendant of Dyak head-hunters, who wears his jet-black hair in traditional style.

Thrilled to be here on this historic occasion was sixteen-year-old Miss Pat Ong, junior Red Cross representative from Sarawak.

From far-off Swaziland to a seat in the Abbey came Paramount Chief Sobhuza the Second and his favourite wife, Lankosi.

Another delighted junior Red Cross representative : Rosalie Payne, thirteen, from Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

The Coronation delegate from the Sudan, Sir Sayed Addelrahman El Mahdi, arriving in London.

Mrs. Elizabeth Choy represented the Singapore branch of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association.

Heketoro Leonard, proud descendant of Maori chiefs, comes from Rotorua, New Zealand.

Nigerian Prince Osayande Akenzua, son of the Oba of Benin, with Miss Rebecca Soloman of the Gold Coast.

MAY 14th.—THE DUCHESS DANCES. The Duchess of Kent, wearing an off-the-shoulder dress, takes the floor with Major P. Coats during the England Ball at Grosvenor House.

MAY 16th.—PROUD YOUNG WINNER. Miss Carol Warren, winner of the leading rein class on *Buttons* at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, is presented with the cup by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone.

MAY 18th.—AT THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL. Mr. James Ogilvy, Scots Guards, Lord Airlie's son, sits out for a breather between energetic reels with Miss Heather Drummond and Mr. Blair Stewart-Wilson, also Scots Guards.

MAY 18th.—TWO MORE AT THE CALEDONIAN. The Ball, once again a tremendous success, was held at Grosvenor House: here the Duke of Atholl, who took part in the Set Reels, is talking to Lady Elgin.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

THE Duke of Gloucester was the guest of honour at a reception at Londonderry House on May 12th arranged by the Fairbridge Society, that wonderful organisation through which so many children are able to start new lives on the Kingsley Fairbridge Farm Schools in Australia and Canada. Lord Swinton talked of the splendid work carried out by the society; Lord Scarbrough, Sir Charles Hambro, and Sir John and Lady Musker were also there. Lady Courtney came with her husband, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, who said he had thoroughly enjoyed rushing over to Iraq and back for King Feisal's Coronation.

MAY 14th.—Popped into a wine-and-cheese tasting party in darkest Soho, where we encountered Lord and Lady Tarbat, and Miss Ursula Keir, young and charming authoress, who said that one of her greatest enjoyments was conversation—" but not at cocktail parties."

Then on to the England Ball at Grosvenor House, which was honoured by a flying visit from the Duchess of Kent, who arrived at half-past ten and left at midnight. She talked to Sir Patrick Abercrombie, Chairman of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, which organised the ball; later we saw her being carefully piloted around the floor by Lord Bathurst; decoration-laden Mr. Douglas Fairbanks was another of her partners. Lord and Lady Mancroft and Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross were in Mrs. Langley-Taylor's enormous party, others seen were Lady Galway, Lady Duncannon, Miss Rosemary Parker, in white with an attractive ostrich feather cape, the Duchess of Rutland, also in white—she won a coat-hanger off the Tombola—Miss Chelsey Lloyd and Mr. Peregrine Fairfax.

MAY 16th.—The Australian High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, and Lady White had a big reception in the impressive marble hall at Australia House for members of the Australian Coronation contingent to meet each other—lots of fellow Australians at present in England were also invited, so it was a very jolly and friendly stand-up tea party. Miss Judith White was working hard helping her mother with introductions, so was Lady Herring, wife of Sir Edmund Herring. Mrs. Nigel Fraser, the former Miss Una Slim, daughter of Field Marshal Sir William Slim, who is now Governor-General of Australia, was getting on splendidly—without an interpreter—with a group of smiling Papuan warriors.

MAY 18th.—Bagpipes, kilts, sporrans, tartan sashes; in fact, everything typically Scottish enough to gladden the hearts of sightseeing overseas visitors, was there in abundance for the Royal Caledonian Ball at

MAY 17th.—WEEK-END SAILORS. Coming in after competing against M.P.s and their crews in sailing races at Itchenor are Brigadier Schken (*left*), Dr. Reginald Bennett, Commodore of the House of Commons Yacht Club, and Mrs. Bennett.

MAY 17th.—POLO AT COWDRAY PARK. *L. to r.:* Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Mr. Billy Wallace and Captain J. Macdonald-Buchanan, members of the Beechwood team which won the finals of the Tyro Cup.

MAY 20th.—IN SCANDINAVIA. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands (*right*) paid a State visit to Denmark and is greeted by Queen Ingrid of Denmark.

MAY 20th.—IN CHELSEA PHYSIC GARDENS. Mrs. Joy Apthorpe and Lord Buchan were photographed at the annual general meeting of the *Men of the Trees* Society.

MAY 22nd.—ELIZABETHAN PAGE. Master Ronald Drake Collins was page at the wedding of Miss June Drake and Mr. Graeme Bell Finlay, M.P., at St. Michael's, Chester Square.

Grosvenor House. Most of the men not entitled to the traditional dress of the rugged Highlanders had scarlet lapel facings on their evening jackets; there was also a good deal of hunting pink and gold-braided Service uniform to add to the gaiety of clothes only matched by equally high spirits. Lady Erroll and the Duke of Atholl led the procession on to the floor for the Set Reels; the Duke had his bodyguard, the Atholl Highlanders, an austerity version of his former private army, dancing in his sixteensome. In other "sets" we noticed Mr. James Ogilvy partnering Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune, Captain Vaughan-Johnson with Miss Fiona Christison, Captain Robin Stormonth-Darling, Miss Elizabeth Wardlaw-Ramsay, and many more. Sitting in the Patronesses "enclosure" were Lady Dunmore, Lady Mansfield, whose children, Lord Stormont and Lady Malvina Murray, were dancing energetically, Lady Forteviot and Lady Gillian Anderson. Amongst many others seen were Lady Tweedsmuir and her daughter Miss Joanna Grant, Miss Norina Stewart-Clark, wearing a pretty diamond hairband, Sir Simon and Lady Campbell-Orde, and Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter surreptitiously snatching a reviving sandwich during the *Duke and Duchess of Perth.*

MAY 19th.—Part of the Oxford Society's contribution to Coronation Year is an exhibition *Treasures of Oxford*, which was opened by its president, Lord Halifax, at the Goldsmiths' Hall. Dignitaries on the platform included Sir Maurice Bowra, Mr. Godfrey Allen and Lord Kilmaine, who announced that Dr. Johnson's teapot and a rattle which once amused Shelley were among the more personal exhibits.

Coronation seats and decorations were the main topic of conversation at the private view of *Royal progress* at the R.W.S. Galleries. Mr. Osbert Lancaster had decided views on what ought to be done with the Regent Street roses; Sir Cedric Morris preferred to spend June 2nd quietly in the country—"I don't like London, anyway, and I feel sure those stands aren't splinter-proof." Keeping their opinions to themselves were Sir Stephen Tallents, Mr. James Laver and Lady Clarissa Egleston, Lord Plymouth's recently married sister.

Mrs. John Wills wore red, Lady Lewes white, and Lady Bridget Clark blue for the Red, White and Blue Ball at the Dorchester for the Family Welfare Association. Princess Margaret, lovely in pale blue and diamonds, presented lucky prizes, one of which, an Aga cooker of generous proportions, she laughingly handed over to Mrs. Michael Goodman. Lord and Lady Dalkeith and Mr. Billy Wallace were at the top table, so were Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton and Lady Anne Coke. Mr. Dominic Elliot, Lord Minto's son, was busy running the side-shows; Lord Hambleden, who had the first dance with Princess Margaret, compèred the midnight cabaret.

MAY 20th.—Seldom can Hutchinson House have been quite so lavishly decorated as it was for Miss Elizabeth Ward's coming-out dance, given by her mother Mrs. John Ward, wife of Colonel Ward, who commands the Household Cavalry. Everything was transformed with green and white décor, beautiful French tapestries lined the walls, garlands of azaleas encircled the marble pillars in the ballroom—altogether nothing was spared to make it *the* dance of the Coronation season. The Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone were there, and all the prettiest debutantes and most eligible escorts.

A Gourmet reflects on some

Royal Dishes

by S. Rossiter-Shepherd

IN olden times when there was nothing at all like the range and variety of foods and delicacies available to-day, the propensity of monarchs for a little bit of what they fancied was equalled only by their determination to get it. Hence a Royal prerogative, or what later became known as such, was placed on certain game fish and fowl, which simply meant that the current Sovereign made sure of his own supplies whoever else went short.

King John had a weakness for, but, as will be seen, no surfeit of lampreys—an eel-like pseudo-fish of a rich and succulent flavour. The best come from Gloucester and have constituted a Royal dish since the days of the Normans. But " because they did not pay him sufficient respect in the matter of lampreys," which meant that they kept back the best for themselves, King John is on record as having fined the men of Gloucester forty marks each for their nerve, and where is the gourmet who would blame him!

Lampreys are still a Royal dish and the men of Gloucester to-day, unlike their forbears, will choose the best from a summer catch to be taken from the River Severn, to make into a noble pie as a Coronation gift to set before the Queen.

A swan, too, was evidently something to make a song about in days gone by, in the gastronomical as well as the vocal sense. These birds—especially young swan or cygnets—were so highly-esteemed for the table that in England no subject could even possess one without having first obtained a licence from the Crown.

The Tudor Elizabeth liked them roast before a sharp fire of charcoal, which was not a bad idea at all; but a fire built with cedar-wood chips would probably have pleased her more. And as an accompaniment she is said to have preferred a thick purée made from Italian chestnuts, and I only hope that the Royal lady knew enough to drink with it a big, generous, full-blooded Burgundian wine, instead of letting the Court butler fob her off with a sticky mead or sack.

Gastro Lyric

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PORT

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Some people can never be taught
Which way to pass the Port.
It's simple: of course it ought
Always to be to port.

THERE is little doubt that sturgeon is the best known " Royal fish " because, not long ago, our own Elizabeth exercised her prerogative of accepting one which, by ancient custom, must first be offered to the Sovereign if caught in English waters.

It was Edward II. who, by a special decree, constituted the English sturgeon a " Royal fish " belonging to the Sovereign—though the Lord Mayor of London, his palate developed possibly by the rich and elaborate dinners of the newly-formed City Guilds, claimed such as were taken above London Bridge.

The flesh of this Royal though shark-like fish has a notable resemblance to veal, though it is more delicate and tender. It may be smoked like salmon and served with lemon, or smoked and presented with a creamy paprika sauce flecked with slivers of fresh horse-radish. The proper way, however, is for it to be larded like veal, with either bacon or with truffles and anchovies. It is then either to be roasted, baked or braised and served with a purée of sorrel or endive. It may also be stewed with excellent effect in a *mirepoix* of white wine. By " it," of course, I do not mean the sturgeon—which sometimes weighs more than a ton—but such a manageable portion of him as it may be possible to obtain. A slice from the back with its veal-like flavour has my preference; the belly part, almost equally good, tastes like pork.

It is said that when the sturgeon is in season no less than two-thirds of the female consists of roe, and it is an odd reflection that a fish weighing up to perhaps 1000 lb. should be made up of two-thirds eggs. Here is life rushing into reproduction with a vengeance, and at such a rate that the world would soon become the abode of sturgeon alone were it not that the roe is exceedingly good, and that lovers of caviare are more general than Shakespeare knew.

STURGEON did not often come the way of the ancient Chinese, unquestionably the greatest culinary artists the world has ever known, but they held carp, when prepared in a certain manner, as a Royal dish to be eaten only by princes of the highest rank. True, their best ways with this fish have not been handed down to us; but when cooking as an art began to emerge in Europe, it did not take the cooks of France long to discover that this fish contained certain delicacies which could stimulate even the most jaded of Royal palates. Thus the soft roe of the carp has become one of the most prized of fishy delicacies, to be served by itself, as an entrée or as a soup. The carp's tongue, or false tongue, is also considered a rare morsel, though it takes quite a few to make a dish.

Now the carp is a hardy fellow who lives to a great age, estimated by some to reach 200 years. He survives afflictions that would spell the doom of most other fish. He may be taken out of the water, packed moist in moss and, with a mouthful of bread steeped in brandy, to be repeated from stage to stage, transported almost any distance. Both himself and his wives have been cut open for their roes, sewn up again and returned to the pond, where they have afterwards, like capon and oxen, fattened amazingly and improved in flavour. This is just as well, because normally the body of the carp requires all the rhetoric of the saucepan to make it acceptable.

If one chooses to fry, boil or grill the carp, that is one's own look-out, and the best that can be done then is to serve him with a caper sauce, a Holland sauce or even black butter. He should be stewed or braised in red wine and served whole. But the classic style which has elevated carp to Royal status was invented by a cook at Chambord, a Royal demesne in the great lake of which carp abound. Needless to say, the carp treated in this fashion should be a large one. The real secret of *Carp à la Chambord* is in its preparation, which must be strictly adhered to, after which the fish, the whole of him, is gently braised in white wine. Then, served in his own luscious sauce, regally dressed with truffles sliced and whole, surrounded by a glorious retinue of good things, crayfish, quenelles of whiting, and with regiments of soft roes furnished by himself and his brethren of the tribe, he is indeed a sovereign dish fit for a king.

FOR a dish of more substance, but which yet avoids the exotic, let us remember venison, that Royal meat of Old England and steady favourite of Henry VIII. There are, of course, a variety of styles in which venison may be prepared, but few equal the magnificent haunch of venison served with a rich sauce of almost equal parts of oiled butter, red wine and red-currant jelly. Or a venison steak, usually a thick slice from the leg. . . .

I do not expect to sample roast swan, although it is being prepared for the festivities in certain public restaurants. But venison is in season from this month until January, and a certain restaurateur of quality has promised specially to prepare me a roast from a prize beast of the Scottish Highlands.

And so, before reaching the champagne, I shall drink a health unto her Majesty with an old red Hermitage from the Rhône.

By CYRIL BUTCHER

Next: The Coronation Review of the Fleet

AND now for what will undoubtedly be a most impressive and inspiring actuality: the outside broadcast of the Coronation Review of the Fleet by Her Majesty the Queen, at Spithead, on June 15th. From two cameras, sited ashore, viewers will be able to see the frigate H.M.S. *Surprise* (acting as the Royal Yacht), in which Her Majesty, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Royal party will be embarked, leave the South Railway Jetty at Portsmouth for the lines of anchored ships. Once the Review has begun, the broadcast will be taken over by the cameras on the flagship H.M.S. *Eagle* and the deep diving vessel H.M.S. *Reclaim*, from which the first underwater television camera was operated on the tragic occasion of the loss of H.M.S. *Affray*.

From the technical point of view this will be a most complex broadcast. As land lines from anchored ships are obviously out of the question, the relay has to be done by means of micro-wave equipment. The vision signals will have to be beamed to the receiving station at Portsdown, seven miles inland. This beaming has to be done most accurately, if good results are to be obtained; and this again presented a problem, because inevitably the ships will swing to the tide during the period. This snag was overcome with the help of the Royal Navy. On *Eagle* the micro-wave transmitter will be erected on a special gun-mounting which is designed to keep "on target" whatever the movement of the ship might be. The Navy has also co-operated by placing one of its radio "channels" at the disposal of the B.B.C. for the transmission of the sound signals.

The commentators on this occasion will be Peter Scott, Frank Gillard and Berkeley Smith, and the broadcast will include the Review itself, the Fly Past at 5.35 p.m., and that thrilling moment, as darkness falls (10.30 p.m.), when suddenly "the Fleet's lit up" and the firework display begins.

IF you happen to have a fancy for plays that are bang up-to-the-minute, then R. F. Delderfield's new comedy, *All on a Summer's Day* (June 7th and 11th), will be very much your cup of tea. For its action takes place on June 1st and 2nd, 1953, and in one of its sequences you will see newsreel shots that were taken only yesterday. You could scarcely ask for a play of crisper topicality than that.

All on a Summer's Day was specially commissioned for the Coronation programmes, so, not unnaturally, it deals with that great occasion, giving a "pleb's-eye" view of it which will strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of that vast and indomitable band: the procession-route liners.

Mr. Delderfield has a kindly but shrewd eye for the humdrum lives of the masses. So, from the moment one is introduced to Syd Bellchamber and his missus Nellie, who are habitants of London, S.E., where people live in the compact contiguity of overlooking back windows and thin party walls, one begins to meet ordinary folk. Folk who will neither set the Thames on fire nor cause a backward glance from a passer-by. Yet they all have their very definite personalities. They may be selfish, irritating, even maddening, at times; but at others they show themselves to be equally sympathetic and lovable. They are, in fact, very human people, and therein lies Mr. Delderfield's own particular genius. He is one of the few dramatists who can show the many sides there are to every human being, without muddling his characters or confusing his plot.

Not that the plot of *All on a Summer's Day* would be very easy to confuse. It is simple, in all conscience. Syd and Nellie have decided that the fuss, the crowds and the mass jubilation attending the Coronation the following day, are not for them. They are just off to Brighton for some peace and quiet by the sea. (Though Brighton might be considered by some to be an odd place to choose to get away from it all.)

Then Ernie suddenly pops up from a farm in Suffolk. Ernie, the son and heir, is slightly *mal vu* because he has thrown up a good clerical job in favour of a life of agricultural tillage and because he is full of notions to emigrate to Canada. This does not at all suit Greta, his girl friend, who lives the other side of the garden fence. Ernie's arrival is the signal for a positive tidal wave of relations, all bent on making the tiny house in Hawthorn Street, S.E., their headquarters for Coronation time. There is Syd's sister Emma, querulous and belligerent, but not so bad after all, who arrives with her son Arty, consumed by *avant garde* nonsense, but only needing a mental kick in the pants to make him see reason. Iris, the daughter (a cleverly drawn portrait of a member of that street-corner fishing fleet, which is so busily occupied in netting American servicemen), arrives from the States with her husband Cyrus. Cyrus is hearty, aggressive and obsessed with trans-atlantic prejudices. He considers that Britain is coronating beyond her means. But he is pathetically solicitous towards his wife, who at some not too distant date is expected to bring "Junior" into the world.

Accommodation is beginning to be at a premium and the final blow comes in the shape of Great Uncle Ewart, a farmer from Devonshire. As he is reputed to be rich—albeit close-fisted—and there are expectations, he, too, has to be included in the oddly-assorted house-party.

Of course, all ideas of Brighton are by now in abeyance and, next morning, they all set out to see the Coronation procession from a window in the business premises where Syd works. After a series of frustrating and hilarious adventures they do just that—and there is the plot. But what good, clean, human fun it all is.

THEY WATCHED FROM THE PALACE

Hélène Cordet (viewers know her best as Mistress of Ceremonies in *Café Continental*) has been a friend since childhood of the Duke of Edinburgh, who is, in fact, godfather of her two children, Max Philipe, aged nine, and Louise Hélène, aged eight. The Cordet children received an invitation from the Palace to watch the Coronation Procession with Prince Charles and Princess Anne and their other special guests.

ELIZABETH SCHWARTZKOPF, undisputedly one of the greatest opera stars of our day, is to sing in *Serenade*, a musical programme, to-night (June 3rd). Other artists taking part will be Robert Speaight, who will speak the narration written by Sir Alan Herbert, Alicia Markova, Harriet Cohen and Dennis Noble. Several more important music programmes follow. On June 5th there will be a first performance of a major work by Vaughan Williams, *The Bridal Day*, a masque, based on Spenser's poem *Epithalamium*. Another, to which I would like to draw your attention, will come from Studio 1 at Maida Vale, the most acoustically perfect studio in the country, on June 8th, when Yehudi Menuhin will be playing two violin concertos by Vivaldi and Mendelssohn. The orchestra will be the London Philharmonic, under the baton of Sir Adrian Boult.

GOOD AND BAD

Good

Will Shakespeare, by Clemence Dane, produced by Rudolph Cartier, a somewhat freely imagined but beautifully written invention about the private life of the Swan of Avon. Fine performances by Mary Clare as Elizabeth I., Wilfrid Lawson as a strolling player, and Elizabeth Sellars as Mary Fitton. Peter Wyngarde, as Shakespeare, was a shade over-aggressive, but promising.

Henry Caldwell's May version of *Shop Window*. This has become about the best regular Light Entertainment in television.

Re-Turn It Up. Utter madness, but wild horses wouldn't stop me from viewing it.

Indifferent

Many Waters, by Monckton Hoffe, produced by Douglas Allen. This one-time smash-hit has been diluted by the many waters that have flowed under the bridge of time. Pleasant, patient performances by Grizelda Hervey and Frank Lawton.

Bad

A "fit-up" performance by the Elizabethan Theatre Company of Shakespeare's *Henry V*. The over-simplified settings looked messy on the screen, and the level of the performances by a group of relatively inexperienced players did not measure up to the high standard of acting television has taught me to expect from any production of a major play.

The ageless yet ever-changing

Candid Commentaries : by Credendus

Oxford Revisited

Sketches by Susan Benson

GERTRUDE BONE posed the question, should not the grey towers of Oxford first steal upon one's consciousness with solemn music and the grave melody of ancient chimes ; the dreaming spires but deepen the shadows of antiquity within the ancient trees ? No doubt they do for some people. I was not so susceptible. I found Oxford full of portentous trivialities. I admit that architecturally the place is all a paragon of noble style . . . had I been born 300 years ago I would have been just as appreciative of the High and the Broad . . . but my main concern was the people I met.

I found the women disappointing. They reminded me of Edith Sitwell's description when she said that the trouble with most Englishwomen is that they will dress as if they had been a mouse in a previous incarnation, or hope to be in the next. It certainly applied to the shopping variety. It is not surprising that Oxford have such a fine Twickenham record. A ten-minute walk along the shopping centre about mid-day taught me the latest in hand-offs and obstructionist tactics as demonstrated by females intended by nature to be second-row forwards. Oxford may be the home of lost causes. It is certainly the depot of forgotten manners . . . they even pinched our artist's cycle lamp.

Oxford teashops and talk-shops . . . gossip centres where everything is not known but everything is said. Those who frequent such establishments run to type. There is invariably the young woman with wistful expression who says " Thanks awfully " when you pay your bill and absent-mindedly crumbles a meringue like a shattered romance. The one I met looked as if she half-expected William Morris to call, but accepted the substitute with a brave smile. Having acknowledged Andromeda chained to a cash-till, I sat at a table occupied by three young women. It was like sipping coffee in a perfume store. Although not noticed, I was included in the conversation. It was like communing with my own subconsciousness. The girl on my right was a trifle unsure whether she was going to have an infant. Behind the shield of a newspaper I pitied her uncertainty, but did not fancy myself in an advisory capacity. The second had discovered Graham Greene. The third needed a genuine girl friend. In Genesis it says that it is not good for a man to be alone, but on occasions such as these it could be a relief.

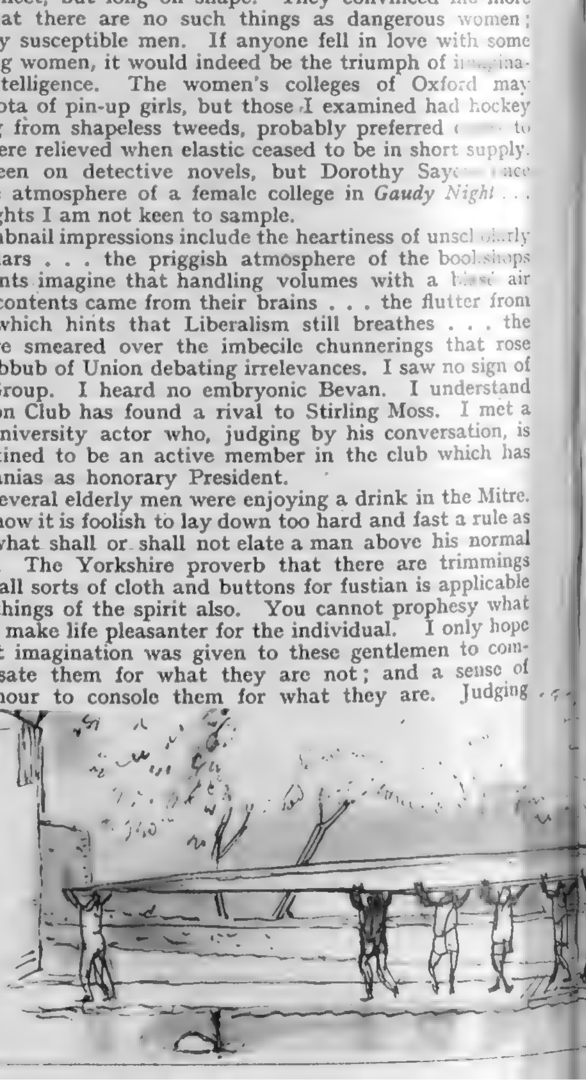
I moved on to another café where they clothe their cakes in cellophane jackets. This time I was treated to an intolerable amount of rubbish from a couple of students who did not appear to have a single redeeming defect. A Balliol education may give a man a tranquil sense of effortless superiority, but in many cases it is merely a pose which makes the individual mistake appetite for ability.

My experience of a female don was unnerving. No doubt estimable in their own sphere, I found them terrifying creatures. For one thing, I dislike hair in stringy buns. As far as I could make out they are disturbed about the dangers to undergraduettes from coming into contact with masculine society. The danger is over-rated. The girl students I saw in Radcliffe Square looked short on intellect, but long on shape. They convinced me more than ever that there are no such things as dangerous women ; there are only susceptible men. If anyone fell in love with some of these young women, it would indeed be the triumph of imagination over intelligence. The women's colleges of Oxford may provide a quota of pin-up girls, but those I examined had hockey legs emerging from shapeless tweeds, probably preferred [illegible] to claret, and were relieved when elastic ceased to be in short supply. I am not keen on detective novels, but Dorothy Sayers once described the atmosphere of a female college in *Gaudy Night* . . . one of the nights I am not keen to sample.

Other thumbnail impressions include the heartiness of unscholarly Rhodes scholars . . . the priggish atmosphere of the bookshops where assistants imagine that handling volumes with a blasé air suggests the contents came from their brains . . . the flutter from Boar's Hill which hints that Liberalism still breathes . . . the pseudo-culture smeared over the imbecile chunnerings that rose above the hubbub of Union debating irrelevances. I saw no sign of the Oxford Group. I heard no embryonic Bevan. I understand the Bullingdon Club has found a rival to Stirling Moss. I met a prominent University actor who, judging by his conversation, is destined to be an active member in the club which has Ananias as honorary President.

Several elderly men were enjoying a drink in the Mitre. I know it is foolish to lay down too hard and fast a rule as to what shall or shall not elate a man above his normal self. The Yorkshire proverb that there are trimmings for all sorts of cloth and buttons for fustian is applicable to things of the spirit also. You cannot prophesy what will make life pleasanter for the individual. I only hope that imagination was given to these gentlemen to compensate them for what they are not ; and a sense of humour to console them for what they are. Judging

All Souls from Radcliffe : ". . . a city of youth fed by memories."



norama of Town and Gown.

Queen's : "Oxford, in a real sense, is changeless."

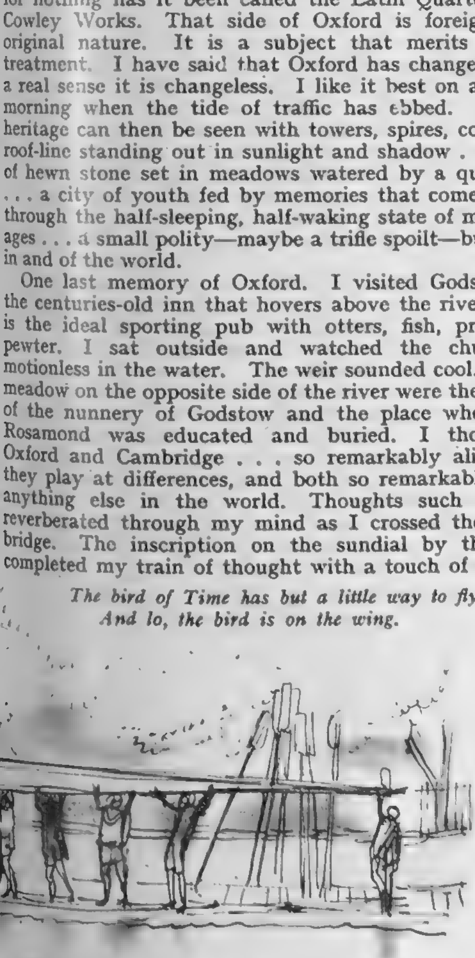
The High : "Architecturally, the place is all a paragon of noble style."

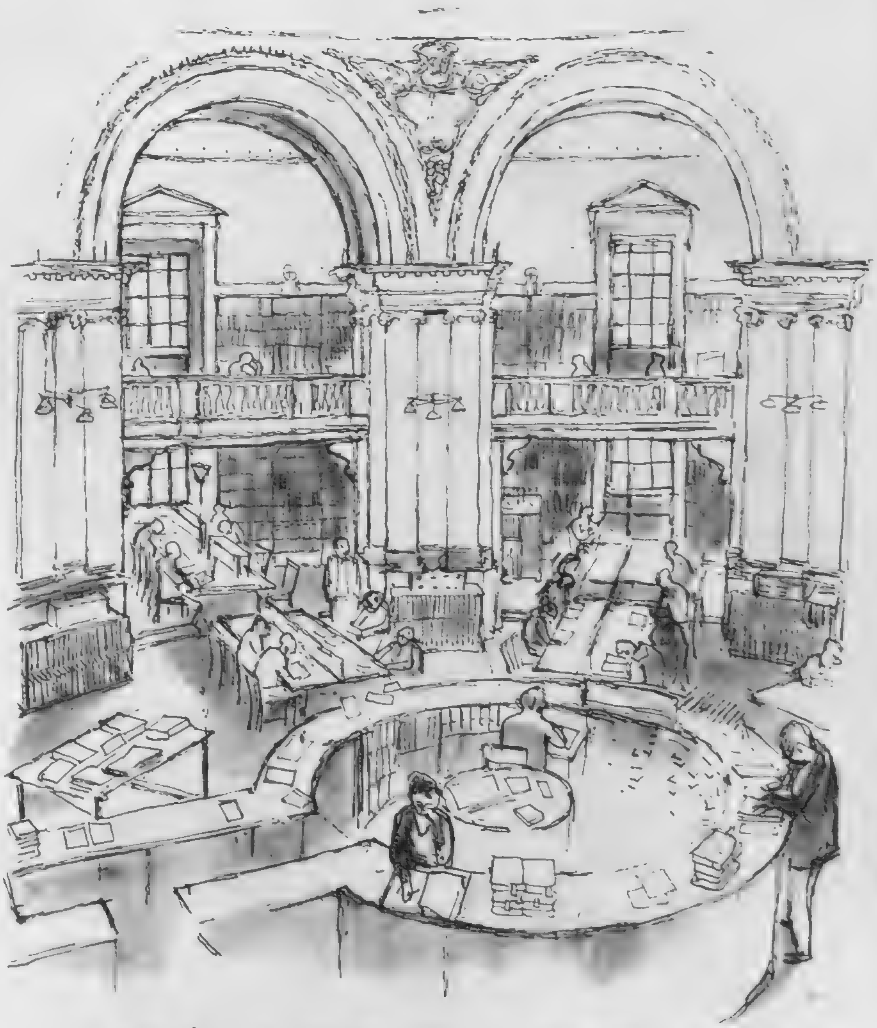
by their conversation the first half of their lives had consisted of the capacity to enjoy themselves without the chance ; the last half was offering the chance without the capacity.

Such are some of the superficial aspects of Oxford. I have made no mention of the industrial poaching which has so changed the outward character of the city. Not for nothing has it been called the Latin Quarter of the Cowley Works. That side of Oxford is foreign to its original nature. It is a subject that merits separate treatment. I have said that Oxford has changed, yet in a real sense it is changeless. I like it best on a Sunday morning when the tide of traffic has ebbed. Her real heritage can then be seen with towers, spires, courts and roof-line standing out in sunlight and shadow . . . a city of hewn stone set in meadows watered by a quiet river . . . a city of youth fed by memories that come stealing through the half-sleeping, half-waking state of men of all ages . . . a small polity—maybe a trifle spoilt—but withal in and of the world.

One last memory of Oxford. I visited Godstow and the centuries-old inn that hovers above the river. Here is the ideal sporting pub with otters, fish, prints and pewter. I sat outside and watched the chub lying motionless in the water. The weir sounded cool. In the meadow on the opposite side of the river were the remains of the nunnery of Godstow and the place where Friar Rosamond was educated and buried. I thought of Oxford and Cambridge . . . so remarkably alike while they play at differences, and both so remarkably unlike anything else in the world. Thoughts such as these reverberated through my mind as I crossed the rickety bridge. The inscription on the sundial by the lasher completed my train of thought with a touch of sadness:

The bird of Time has but a little way to fly,
And lo, the bird is on the wing.





Reading in the Radcliffe Camera : "Oxford and Cambridge—so remarkably alike while they play at differences."

Royal Portrayals on the Stage

by J. C. Trewin

HERE is a suggestion for any theatrical manager, with money to spare—a great deal of money, I am afraid—a large theatre, and a well-tried cast. He can, if he wishes, celebrate Coronation Year by putting upon the stage, in repertory, almost every King of England (and some Queens) since the Conquest, crown upon crown.

"Show me!" as the man fra' Sheffield used to say in Sydney Grundy's comedy. Very well, then. Let us begin, where all good records begin: "William the Conqueror, 1066-1087." The choice is clear—Tennyson's *Harold*:

Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm:
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd King.

This is an amply-designed chronicle in verse. It was not produced until more than thirty years after Tennyson's death; and it may be remembered simply because the young Laurence Olivier, as Harold, had his first important London part in it. But it is worth recalling for other reasons, as an under-valued drama that ends, where it should, upon the battlefield of Hastings.

OUR next three Kings, William Rufus, Henry the First, Stephen ("King Stephen was a worthy peer"), are more difficult; but our manager will find them if he searches hard enough. There is an "old history" of *Henry the First* from about 1580; if we seek him in modern work, James Forsyth has written a radio play called *Adelaise*. Stephen can be discovered in *The Empress Maud*, by the Shakespearean actor, Andrew Leigh, which Sir Barry Jackson did at Birmingham in 1944 (I notice in the cast the name of the young Paul Scofield, two years before his first Stratford triumphs). What, you say, about William Rufus? Here I have been hedging. Our producer cannot go even to the highly serviceable chronicle, *1066 And All That*, excellent elsewhere. Alas, it keeps Rufus off the stage, merely allowing the compère to observe that the King was shot one day in the New Forest when William Tell, "memorable inventor of the crossword puzzle," mistook his face for a ripe apple. It won't do. We shall have to content ourselves with Rufus's brief and horrific entry into *Harold*, as a juvenile delinquent on a par with Young Marcius (from *Coriolanus*), who mammocked the gilded butterfly.

Forward again—to Henry the Second, who is easy. Once more I choose Tennyson—his King in *Becket* (William Terriss used to act him to Irving's Archbishop). Richard the First has never had the honour he deserves in the theatre, though *The Talisman* was a natural quarry for dramatists. I go myself (with a furtive glance around) to General Burgoyne's musical romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*—done at Drury Lane in 1786—in which we have the unexpected lines:

KING RICHARD (*sings*):
Could I but view Matilda's eyes
Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.

Duet (RICHARD and MATILDA).
The gentle tears soft falling
Of her so long ador'd,
My tender hopes recalling,
Have love and life restor'd.

Not, you hint, truly historical. Agreed; the hint is taken. We come now, and happily, to Shakespeare and to *King John*. This was revived in splendour at Stratford in 1948. When is the Old Vic going to repeat *King John*? The last production (New Theatre) was twelve years ago.

I HAVE two entries for Edward the First. He appears in Peele's history; but he is also drawn, from a purely Scottish view, as a furious English tyrant in Robert Kemp's *The King of Scots*: this was produced, with sombre effect, a season or two ago in the Norman nave of Dunfermline Abbey. Edward the Second: here also we have an old text and a new. The old is Marlowe's play ("But what are kings when regiment is gone, But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?"). It may seem curious that a piece fitted so subtly to the stage should be a "collectors' item"; but Shakespeare's *Richard the Second*, with its

QUEEN KATHARINE.

In the costume designed for her by Tanya Moiseiwitsch for her part in Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Henry VIII.* at the Old Vic, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies presents a picture that is pure Holbein in character. Miss Moiseiwitsch was also responsible for the settings of the play which, with its fine acting passages, is an ideal vehicle for Miss Ffrangcon Davies who, as the Queen whom King Henry divorced to marry Ann Boleyn, gives an outstanding performance. Her dignity and grandeur as she sweeps disdainfully from Wolsey's Court and the strongly contrasting humbleness and pathos of her later scenes, provide moments of ringing drama in this most memorable portrait.

parallel character of a vain, luxurious king, has always captured the theatre. The modern treatment of Edward II. is in Hugh Ross Williamson's *Rose and Glove*, by one of the sagest of our historical writers.

Where now? Edward the Third. The answer is the anonymous chronicle which is usually given to Peele, but which some writers (notably Frank O'Connor) claim, undismayed, for Shakespeare. It is a glowing, burning drama ("Robert of Artois, banish't though thou be . . ."). A famous scene from it, that of the King and the Countess, was done during the Poel matinée at the Old Vic: this is another play that badly needs revival. And how many persons, I wonder, recall that the youthful William Blake wrote an odd and tiny *Edward the Third* fragment in the fustian-manner?: "What can Sir Thomas Dagworth ask that Edward can refuse? . . .", and so on.

Shakespeare takes command. From the violins of *Richard the Second* to the processional fanfares of *Henry the Eighth* we are in his charge. *Richard the Third* gets in a variety of monarchs, even Henry the Seventh (Richmond, until the last minutes). Joan Temple has chronicled Henry in *The Patched Cloak*: but, for me, he will remain always as Noël Howlett acted him in Christopher Hassall's Warbeck piece, *The Player King*; a chill, crafty man—not in the least like the romantic Richmond—who reminded me of Kipling's dark, long-nosed King with the fur cap and the cold eye. The Hassall drama should have reached London after its Edinburgh trial; it is worth half-a-dozen lauded West End successes.

I am doubtful about Edward the Sixth: there is a play from 1757, attributed to Edward Barnard, but I offer the name dubiously: it may be unactable. Queen Mary the First is, of course, on the West End stage now (Peggy Thorpe-Bates presents her with passion in *The Young Elizabeth*). Tennyson drew her at full length, unsparingly; and perhaps the best play written about her yet is Wilfrid Grantham's *Mary Tudor*, which is both historical and human (and how uncommonly difficult that is!). Remember Flora Robson.

WHEN we reach Queen Elizabeth the First, Gloriana, the stage is suddenly full. We have met the Tudor Queen, it appears, at every stage of life. I have heard her singing a contralto solo; talking to Shakespeare, Drake, Raleigh, Bacon; delivering the Tilbury speech; ready in queenliness, rage, envy, tenderness, pride, love: no English monarch has been celebrated more thoroughly. My choice would be the Queen Elizabeth in Hugh Ross Williamson's play of that name.

That Royal character-part, James the First, I have met as a walking waxwork in a collection of period dummies (perhaps the most unconsciously comic historical play I recall). But James may be remembered best as he was once acted with relishing craft by Wilfrid Lawson in *The King's Pirate*. Cavalier - and - Roundhead plays have used Charles the First often: our manager can have either W. G. Wills's lachrymose affair or Maurice Colbourne's richly Royalist *Charles the King*. There is a glum Oliver Cromwell in this: for another view of the character we may go to John Drinkwater's Cromwell portrait ("Is the word for the day chosen? . . . Let it be 'God our strength'"). Charles the Second? We can take the Merry Monarch stuff, with Charles and pretty, witty Nell tossing oranges at each other, or we can accept the endearing Shavian portrait of *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*. James the Second is there too, as Duke of York: nobody, I fear, is wildly excited about him as King. William of Orange lands in a romantic musical comedy, *The Rebel Maid*.

We are getting on. Queen Anne, notoriously dead, is dominant—unexpectedly so—in Norman Ginsbury's *Viceroy Sarah*; George the First is touched in sharply during Clifford Bax's *The Immortal Lady*; George the Second announces himself (no more, I fear) in the useful 1066; George the Third wanders, in mind and body, through *The Gay Pavilion*; and George the Fourth is always Robert Morley in the plum-coloured rages of Mr. Ginsbury's *The First Gentleman*. William the Fourth offers a chance to our manager (has anyone a play handy?); and Queen Victoria leaves us with a choice between a Laurence Housman season or some impressions by Miss Neagle: I think, on the whole, the Housman plays are more accurate.

Royal Portrayals on the Screen

by C. A. Lejeune

PAT in time for the Coronation, by a coincidence that is hardly likely to be fortuitous, comes to London the long-promised film of *Young Bess*, based on Margaret Irwin's historical novel; at the Empire, on the new wide screen.

The story, you'll remember, deals with the years before the first Elizabeth came to the throne; with her perplexing childhood, shuttled between banishment at Hatfield House and favour at Court at Whitehall; and her unhappy girlhood passion for her guardian, the handsome Admiral, Tom Seymour.

The film was originally designed as a "vehicle" for Deborah Kerr, at that time Hollywood's newest British starlet. But the years passed by, without production getting beyond the planning stage; and now the part of Young Bess has been handed over to Jean Simmons; with her husband, Stewart Granger, playing the Admiral. Deborah Kerr has not been forgotten, though. She appears in the more mature rôle of Catherine Parr, Henry the Eighth's last wife, who becomes Tom Seymour's mistress, and eventually marries him. And who do you suppose plays Bluff King Hal? Why, Charles Laughton, of course; repeating the performance that first brought him celebrity. I find this most right and proper; for I fancy that future generations will identify Laughton with Henry the Eighth, just as surely as they will identify Anna Neagle with Queen Victoria.

WHAT a night that was, way back in October 1933, when the still comparatively unknown Alexander Korda startled London with the brilliance, wit and audacity of his *Private Life of Henry VIII.*! I can remember the gasp of amazement that went up from the smart first-night audience when the opening title flashed on to the screen:

> Henry VIII. had six wives. Catherine of Aragon was the first; but her story is of no particular interest—she was a respectable woman. So Henry divorced her.
>
> He then married Ann Boleyn. This marriage also was a failure, but not for the same reason.

And so it went on all evening; sparkling, impudent, lovely to look at; with the young Merle Oberon as Ann Boleyn; Robert Donat as the handsome gallant, Thomas Culpepper; Binnie Barnes as Katherine Howard, the doomed fifth queen, who loved him; Elsa Lanchester as the plain Anne of Cleves; and always, everywhere, the overwhelming figure of Charles Laughton as Henry the Eighth

It is odd to remember now how that most celebrated of all British films reputedly came to be made. Korda, in narrow straits financially, with a year-old, still tentative film company on his hands, was hopelessly searching for a subject that would do for Laughton, recently back from making *Nero* and *Payment Deferred* in Hollywood. It must be an *English* subject; it must be a big one. For days he prowled about his office in Grosvenor Street, discussing, conferring, reading and discarding scripts. "For heaven's sake," he cried at last, "is there no story in all of England?" Angrily he strode out into the street.

A taxi was coming slowly round the corner from Claridge's. It was lunchtime in Mayfair. The street was almost empty. The flag was up. The taxi-man was singing, "I'm 'Enery the Eighth, I ham, I ham—I'm 'Enery the Eighth, I ham." . . . That taxi-man unwittingly changed the course of British film history. At least, that's how the story goes.

KORDA, too, was responsible for putting Good Queen Bess on the screen, in *Fire Over England*. That wasn't, of course, the first appearance of the Older Bess (as distinct from the Young Bess), nor was it the last. The great Sarah Bernhardt played her as far back as 1912, in Hollywood, in one of the first feature-length pictures ever made. Amongst others, Bette Davis has played the character with distinction in *Elizabeth and Essex*. But Flora Robson's interpretation of the tired, ageing Queen in *Fire Over England* is something to be remembered. I can see her as vividly now as if it were yesterday, wearily taking off her wig in front of the mirror,

KING HENRY VIII.

For twenty years the name of Henry VIII. has conjured up to film-goers a vision of Charles Laughton as the roistering, fiery-tempered monarch of Alexander Korda's production. To-day, he is back again to delight us in the new M.-G.-M. Technicolor film, *Young Bess*, which had its première on May 22nd at the Empire, where the new panoramic screen is being used. The American producers, no doubt with an eye to Coronation Year box-office receipts, have wisely used English talent in the starring rôles, and sharing the honours with Mr. Laughton in this highly colourful production are Jean Simmons (as Young Bess), Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger.

riding through the grounds of Denham to harangue the troops at Tilbury, on her great white horse. (For the records, this was the film in which young Laurence Olivier first clapped eyes on the young Vivien Leigh, and instantly fell in love with her.)

Yes, indeed, the screen owes a great deal to its Royal portraits. Which of us will ever forget Anna Neagle's minutely studied and affectionately realised Queen Victoria?

> *Send us Victorias*
> *Happy and glorious;*

as some of us mistakenly sang in childhood. The cinema *has* sent us Victorias, and plenty of them. Amongst others that I can recall at random are Margaret Mann, Fay Compton, Helena Pickard, and most recently Muriel Aked (in *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan*). But there has never been another Victoria *quite* like our Anna, and I doubt if there ever will be.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion, now; *he* has had a good innings. Impossible to count the number of times we have seen the Royal Lion-heart riding through a simulacrum of Sherwood Forest, and righting all the wrongs that Prince John (who seldom attains the throne in pictures) has been villainously contriving. There was Wallace Beery, the burliest of all the Richards, and the most tremendous trencherman, in the original *Adventures of Robin Hood*, with Douglas Fairbanks, Senior. There was Ian Hunter in Errol Flynn's *Robin Hood*, and Patrick Barr in Richard Todd's and Disney's version. And, of course, there was Norman Wooland, wearing the lions of England with commendable dignity in the often preposterous *Ivanhoe*.

FEW people will deny that Henry V. has been nobly represented by Laurence Olivier; with Renée Asherson, the girl with the delightfully tip-tilted nose, who has just married Robert Donat, as his piquante and charming French bride. *Murder in the Cathedral* gave us Henry II. (Alexander Gauge), and Cedric Hardwicke is only one of the several Charles the Seconds I remember. Stout, sporting, exquisite "Prinny," the Prince Regent of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" era, has always been a rewarding character on the screen. Katherine Hepburn is probably the most striking of the actresses who have had a go at Mary Queen of Scots. Nova Pilbeam, while still in her teens, gave a beautifully touching performance of Lady Jane Grey, the Nine Days' Queen, in *Tudor Rose*.

And talking of roses, I distinctly recollect, in my youth, watching the Wars of the Roses fought on location at Edgware, with a present or future monarch on either side of the tram-lines.

Then there was a film about Queen Boadicea, and another about a Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. And, of course, there was Orson Welles' *Macbeth*. And Bonnie Prince Charlie, if you recognise a King Across the Water.

It would be foolhardy to go abroad in the pursuit of screen royalty. The names of kings and queens, emperors and empresses, come crowding in—Queen Christina, Franz Josef, Catherine the Great, Peter the Great, Claudius, King of Denmark, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Cæsar (and Cleopatra), sad little Princess Sophie Dorothea, beloved by Count Philip of Koenigsmark, who was divorced and imprisoned by her husband, later to become King George I. of England. There are so many of them that one is tempted to slip in, perhaps frivolously, the names of King Oberon and Queen Titania, and to recall the old days of the silent German films, when there were always Pharaohs at the bottom of our garden.

BUT if it is coronations we are after, there is only one film coronation that has persisted, obdurately, through the decades; and that, very properly, belongs to an imaginary country.

Five times on the screen has a king been crowned at Streslau in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. In 1912 it was James K. Hackett, the celebrated stage actor. In 1915 it was Henry Ainley. In 1922, Lewis Stone (who plays the Cardinal in the latest version) came to the throne of Ruritania. In 1937, Ronald Colman played the first audible King Rudolf. In 1953 he was succeeded by Stewart Granger. It is an absurd confession to make, but I dare say that for many of us coronations will continue to be considered, instinctively, in terms of the Rassendylls. Fealty is no less genuine, and ever so much more romantic, that way.

Arriving in the evening sunshine, before the thundery rainstorms began, were, *l. to r.*, Mrs. Haines, Miss Haines, Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Hunt.

Lady Boyce, wife of a former Lord Mayor of London, and Mrs. Armstrong take a drink in the marquee in the garden before the dress-show.

Michael Sherard's graceful black evening dress and pink stole was worn with a fabulous Coronation suite of diamonds and palladium, the highlight of the jewellery display.

A charming dress of pale pink chiffon, with silver-embroidered straps and waistband. The necklace and ear-rings are inexpensive pink and grey pearls.

The audience was not entirely British. Here are, *l. to r.*, Mrs. Dowty and Miss Lockie, with Mr. and Mrs. William Asiel, from America.

Waiting outside the hotel for the dress-show to begin, are, *l. to r.*, Mrs. Prichard-Evans, Miss Stokes, Mrs. Mead-King and Mrs. Spiridion.

HAUTE-COUTURE IN THE COTSWOLDS

(By Our Fashion Editress)

Against the background of a charming Cotswold country-house hotel, I went recently to a most unusual dress show, staged by a Cheltenham jeweller, to which people came from all over the South-West of England and the Midlands to see about £100,000 worth of jewellery, antique and modern, worn with afternoon and evening dresses designed by Michael Sherard, the London couturier. I was interested to see that the men in the audience were just as interested in the dresses (mannequins ?) as the women, although they were more guarded in showing their enthusiasm. The women, myself among them, gazed with longing at the jewellery. Some were lucky. Long after the dress-show was over, I saw crowds round the jewellery display-table, and a number of purchases were made, though the star turn of the show, the magnificent diamond and palladium Coronation suite, which breaks down into numerous smaller pieces, remained unsold.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by John Wiggins.

Before an appreciative audience, with detectives lurking in the background, Mr. Kenneth Waite compères the dress-show, and a model displays diamonds with a cocktail dress.

Left:
The diamond and palladium suite, seen again with the necklace broken down into a simple collar and a diadem. The ear-rings are now smaller pieces.

Right:
A new-style necklace, with bracelet and matching ear-rings in supple-linked palladium, fringed with diamonds, worn with Sherard's cocktail dress and enormous black hat.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

Coronation Year Models Under Test

5—THE DAIMLER "CONQUEST"

The Daimler *Conquest* reviewed by our contributor on this page.

A NEW Daimler is always an event which whets the appetite of motorists. The new *Conquest*, when tasted and tried, lives up to its name and should satisfy many palates in motoring, and conquer the trier.

To start with, the price at £1066 (with £445 purchase tax to be added) brings Daimler into a new range in this post-war market, and yet the *Conquest* makes no departure from what are almost traditional Daimler standards of finish and comfort.

The body is a very happy compromise between fashion and the dictates of comfort, presenting a neat, clean line, with first-rate vision all round. The interior finish is really of top quality with fine leather trimming and attractive polished walnut wood facia and mouldings—such a delight in these days of pressed metal. Front seats offer firm comfort, and the rear, with its folding centre arm-rest, is quite wide enough for three if required. Level floor is an added attraction.

The instruments are grouped in the centre of the facia and can be seen well enough. The doors open wide and allow easy entrance to both front and rear. For luggage, there is an ample boot, the lid of which is cleverly counter-balanced with torsion bars so that it will remain just where you put it for loading purposes with no fear of dropping down nor tricky nuisance catches to be released before closing.

Now as to road performance. For special reasons, I have been quite accustomed to driving every model Daimler have produced over the last twenty-seven years, and some of the earlier ones too. On that experience I would say that this *Conquest* has altogether a new feel about it, a verve and dash, that make it about the most attractive of them all. The engine, a new short stroke unit, of just under 2½ litres, has life and power in plenty, giving a most useful acceleration and a maximum speed on the right side of 80 miles an hour. With the usual Daimler transmission of fluid flywheel and pre-selector gearbox, this agility makes it very attractive to drive, whether out on the open country roads or in congested Bond Street; the ability to remain in a high gear at low speeds, with virtually a two-pedal control, is most acceptable.

I think this engine performance is what gives this grand car its special appeal. I was able to cover a run of 46 miles that I make frequently in as good a time as in any of the many cars I have tried, and with as little fuss as possible and in luxury too. Steering is accurate and cornering steady, even at high speeds. This, of course, is related to the suspension, which employs laminated torsion bars at the front, independent, of course, for each side. The ride quality I liked very much. True, it may not have the super-softness which older Daimlers contrived to possess, but it is comfortable to a degree and holds the car firm and steady on all manner of roads. That super-softness was too often a snare and delusion in my view, and this present suspension is just about right for an all-purpose car, which most people want to-day.

Petrol consumption worked out at about 22 miles per gallon over the several hundred miles I used the car, which included both fast runs and gentle ambles round the country lanes, so it may be taken as a fair guide, and I regard it as satisfactory. Of the brakes, I would only say that for stopping from high speed they may call for a little more pedal pressure than usual. They stop the car well enough, and at normal speeds they are light to operate, but at the 70 or 80 mark one has to press firmly—a feature to which one soon becomes accustomed, and it passes out of mind.

I was glad to find the range of the car to be in the region of 300 miles on a full tank, which is what the capacity of 15 gallons should give. In the past a range of 200 miles has been accepted, to my mind wrongly. The fitting of a reserve petrol supply is, too, a feature too often missed nowadays, so the *Conquest* gains yet another point there. In fact, there are plenty of such details which make it clear that there has been no attempt to work down to a price, as one might have thought. It is still a full quality Daimler in the new price range, and as it is already in full-scale production, I venture to prophesy that we shall soon see plenty on the roads. If it is not presumptuous on my part, I would offer congratulations to everyone concerned in producing what to my mind will swiftly prove to be a very great success.

This and That

A CLEVER device in the form of a folding chair that also performs the function of a hold-all is a most useful piece of equipment for holiday or day-out use. Desmo produce the "Pic-pac" chair, complete with zip fasteners which convert it into a sizeable holdall for carrying such things as the bathing-suits and towels down to the beach, in a moment converted for comfortable sitting. It is one of those welcome aids which call for the comment: Why has no one thought of it before?

* * *

As I have in these notes often welcomed the introduction of colour into motoring, may I suggest that if you are around Berkeley Square you should have a look at the new showrooms that the Export Division of the Standard Motor Company have opened there? For the new premises are quite unique in their decoration and fascinating to see. The two examples of colour in cars, which will grace the window, and attract many eyes, will perhaps stagger you at first. But as this is already a prophetic page, I suggest they will be not only accepted but welcomed into a too-drab world.

* * *

I see that the Veteran Car Club of Great Britain are holding their Coronation Rally on Sunday, June 7th, from Hyde Park to Windsor. The cars will rally at the western end of the Serpentine road from 8.30 onwards and make a timed run to the Long Walk, Windsor. There, at 11.30 a.m. they will all move in convoy into the Home Park. A brave sight it will be, too.

* * *

It is a nice gesture on the part of the Shell and B.P. petrol people to give away free suppressors to anyone who wants one, which, I hope, will include everyone who is still without. All you have to do is to call at a Shell B.P. petrol station and it will be fitted free. A point to remember is that apart from cutting out interference to television, suppressors do lengthen sparking-plug life as well! So you are gaining, too. And, as from July 1st, all new cars made are required to have them by law.

* * *

Another page of motoring history was written recently when the new Triumph Sports 2-seater reached a speed of 125.88 m.p.h. on the Jabbeke Road, near Ostend. The car was in speed trim, with no hood or normal screen. With these added and the hood up, 114.686 m.p.h. was achieved. The engine is based on the Standard Vanguard, but reduced to under 2 litres capacity.

* * *

I recently underwent a driving test! It was a voluntary one, I assure you, and undertaken for a specific purpose. The Oxford delivery agents, B. J. Henry, Ltd., asked me to make an independent check on their service and fitness to take care of new cars. The test is carried out independently by Morris Garages, Ltd., and is pretty severe. I am glad to say I passed, but it would be sure to find out the driver who had no thought for the car nor sufficient skill to avoid trouble. It is a worthwhile experience and a good check up on oneself and to be recommended.

I then took part as an ordinary driver in a delivery convoy of new Morris "Minors." I must say that everyone impressed on me the need for careful treatment, and they showed that they put it into practice by the care taken in despatch and on the road. Full credit to them all. And no one knew who I was other than the director of the company who arranged matters, so there was no eyewash about it. Incidentally, B. J. Henry also offer a useful service of private delivery and collection by private chauffeurs, which is useful for theatres and the like and when leaving from an airport and so on. A uniformed man will drive you there in your own car and take the car away when you have finished with it. It can meet you on your return in the same way. An admirable service that seems to solve some problems.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

All the world has been thrilled and moved by the pageantry, the glitter, the pomp and tradition of the Coronation procession and ceremony, and the world has been satiated with colour, magnificence and beauty, not the least of these being the beauty of the Englishwomen who were called to be present in the Abbey.

It is a tradition that Englishwomen may not be leaders of fashion, but they always amaze even the most critical foreigner when dressed for the really grand occasion. Robes, furs, jewellery and lovely dresses in richly-glittering fabrics give a striking beauty to an Englishwoman who may seem merely pretty on an ordinary day.

The traditional robe for a peeress, with separate kirtle and long train in velvet and miniver, worn over a glittering dress of gold, jewel-embroidered, one of many designed for the Coronation ceremony by Victor Stiebel. The magnificent jewellery, tiara, bracelet, ear-rings and necklace make up a specially-designed Coronation suite in diamonds and Palladium.

CORONATION SPLENDOUR

OUR FASHION

PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

CORONATION SPLENDOUR

Left : The contemporary peeress's robe, designed by Norman Hartnell specially for this Coronation, and worn with the smaller, lighter Cap of State. In velvet and miniver or coney, the robe has a becoming shawl-collar, flowing lines and smaller train, and was worn by many of the younger peeresses in the Abbey. It is seen over a slim-fitting white lace dress, glistening with gold and jewels, from Norman Hartnell's collection of Abbey dresses. The diamond chandelier ear-rings and tiara are from the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.

Centre : A slim, slim dress, with supreme, formal elegance, designed by John Cavanagh for the guest, not a peeress, who wished to wear a long dress to the Abbey. In brocade in two shades of gold, with a fern-leaf design, glistening with jewels, this dress is typically one that a tall, fair Englishwoman wears with such distinction. The fur "shrug," aptly named, in white broadtail and pastel mink, was designed for this or any summer-evening occasion by Albert Hart. The pearls are by Mappin and Webb.

Right : Many women attending the Coronation ceremony wished to wear short dresses, and this was designed for the Abbey by Ronald Paterson. In pale grey lace, uncrushable among the thronging crowds, with a softly-full skirt for the not-so-slender, the decolletage is low, with wide, tailored revers and tiny-buttoned fastening. A dress that combines ease and elegance for many occasions. The head-dress, also by Ronald Paterson, of matching lace is attached to the traditional flowing veil of soft grey tulle. The pearls are by Mappin and Webb.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

A charming hair-style in the grand manner for short hair. The hair is smooth and swept-up, softened by cupid's bow waves in front. Alan Spiers, Berkeley Square.

LASTING LOVELINESS

FOUNDATION NEWS. Long, long past are the days when even the most beautiful women used a swift dab of vanishing cream as a foundation for make-up and powder. The trend now is for a light, tinted, liquid foundation, which gives the skin a glowing smoothness, dewy-moist, flawless and a perfect foundation for make-up.
Elizabeth Arden presents her *Basic Sheen*, with or without hormones, a beauty treatment in itself, in seven shades. *Yardley* gives us *Feather Foundation*, in three lovely shades ; *Coty's Instant Beauty* in three shades ; *Dorothy Gray's Sheer Velvet*, self-explanatory ; *Cyclax's Glamotint*, lovely in the new shade, " Pink Velvet " ; and *Lentheric's Sheer Beauty*, scented with " Tweed," are examples of these foundations for loveliness.

FOR STRAINED EYES. Television, Wimbledon, processions, flood-lighting, late nights and summer sun all make for tired eyes. To combat eye-strain, which makes even the prettiest plain, a ready-to-use tube of eye lotion, by the name of *Scan*, has appeared, which can be used as drops or, with water, as an eye-bath. It is really refreshing and soothing to the eyes. Price 1s. 3d.
Eye Beauty. A favourite French mascara from pre-war years is on the market again. *Arcancil*, which is practically waterproof, does not smear or sting, is made in nine shades, including a colourless variety.

A LOTION DEODORANT. For summer freshness, nothing is more cooling and delightful after a bath than *Revlon's* fragrant *Aquamarine Lotion*. To match this, *Revlon* have now introduced their *Aquamarine Lotion Deodorant*, lasting, instantly vanishing and deeply penetrating. These two, together, ensure complete freshness through the heat of the summer.

SUNTAN WITHOUT SUNBURN. To avoid sunburn is a yearly problem which can be solved by *Ann French's Golden Tan*, cool, soothing and greaseless. It can be used by all the family, and costs only 2s. 11d. a tube.

CORONATION PERFUME. For this year and every year, Norman Hartnell, the Royal dress designer, has created a dramatic but feminine perfume by the name of "*Fanfare*," which is more sophisticated than his earlier perfume, "*In Love*."

PERFUMED ICE. For the hottest day or in the sick-room, a refreshing substitute for ice are *Coty's* solid perfumes in three fragrances—Cologne, L'Aimant and Muguet des Bois. Price 6s. 11d. each.

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A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

JUNE being the month for weddings, I must tell you about a new gift service which Harrods have started for brides. The bride consults the receptionist in the Wedding Gift Bureau, and with her decides on a list of things she would most like. Then when her friends say " Please tell me what you want," she just refers them to the Bureau, where they will be helped to choose a gift from the list—all fears of duplicated presents being happily eliminated.

* * *

If you want to get a piece of furniture designed for any special purpose I can recommend a shop in Sloane Street which will have it made for you by craftsmen. It is often an economy, and always more satisfying, to have just what you want instead of making do with the best you can find. At this same shop I came across really remarkable value in some African cotton material—real native colourings—and 40 to 50 ins. wide. I also found here, amongst other things which I haven't the space to write about this month, some china whistling birds which took me back to the days of my childhood. They are very decorative and make quite a melodious whistle when you blow through their beaks!

* * *

There must be few well-equipped kitchens that lack a cherry-stoner. But if you haven't got one, now is the time to buy one. This simple but effective gadget takes out the stone and leaves the fruit undamaged, making the world of difference not only to the cook but to the consumer of a cherry-pie. You can stone a pound of cherries in a few minutes. The only people who may object to the use of the cherry-stoner are children, who will consider themselves cheated out of their favourite " Tinker, Tailor. . . ."

* * *

A fascinating new silver cleaner has just made its début. It is such fun to use that I hauled forgotten oddments of blackened silver from the back of cupboards and, hey presto, after immersion in this liquid called " Silver Dip " (it might equally have been called " Magic " Dip) the tarnish disappeared. You immerse the silver in the chemical tarnish-remover for a few seconds; rinse it in warm or cold water and dry with a soft cloth. One bottle is said to contain sufficient liquid to clean 1500 heavily tarnished forks, or, for the mathematically-minded, 12 sq. ft. of silver. If the article you want to clean is too large to dip in the bottle, the liquid can be transferred to any non-metallic vessel or it can be applied to the silver with a brush or cotton-wool. " Silver Dip " is effective on silver, silver-plate, gold or copper, as well as jewellery composed of platinum, gold, silver and precious stones.

* * *

In spite of all we are told about the advantages of sitting while undertaking such chores as washing-up or ironing, I, personally, never found it satisfactory until I came across an entirely new type of stool which is fast making me revise my ideas. It is described by its makers as a " floating stool " or " suspended animation," and it really has to be sat on to be believed! There are several versions of this stool (and chairs) designed for different needs, such as offices, factories, and so on. The one I have in mind is " general-purpose for home and domestic duty." It embodies a new principle of seating, the seat forming part of a column which is not rigidly fixed to the legs, but is held in place by two sets of springs. When you sit on it, the springs take your weight and allow movement up and down, in a circle, or swaying in any direction. The effect is that the seat moves with you and you really can get your work done without having to stand up at frequent intervals.

* * *

My *envoi* should be useful at this time of year, for it is a buttonhole preserver which can be commended for its cheapness and neatness. It is made of rubber and can be simply and securely fixed behind the lapel with the special pin provided with it.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

African cotton, 40 to 50 ins. wide: from 5s. 6d. to 8s. per yard; China whistling birds: 7s. 6d. each; Primavera, 149, Sloane Street, S.W.1 . . . "Pippit" Cherry Stoner: 3s. 9d.; Army and Navy Stores . . . Goddards' "Silver Dip": 3s. 6d. a bottle; at Whiteleys, leading stores, etc. . . . Poultney "floating" kitchen stool: £4 15s. 6d.; Fortnum and Mason . . . Buttonhole Preserver (Allwood Bros.): 6d.; Marshall and Snelgrove.

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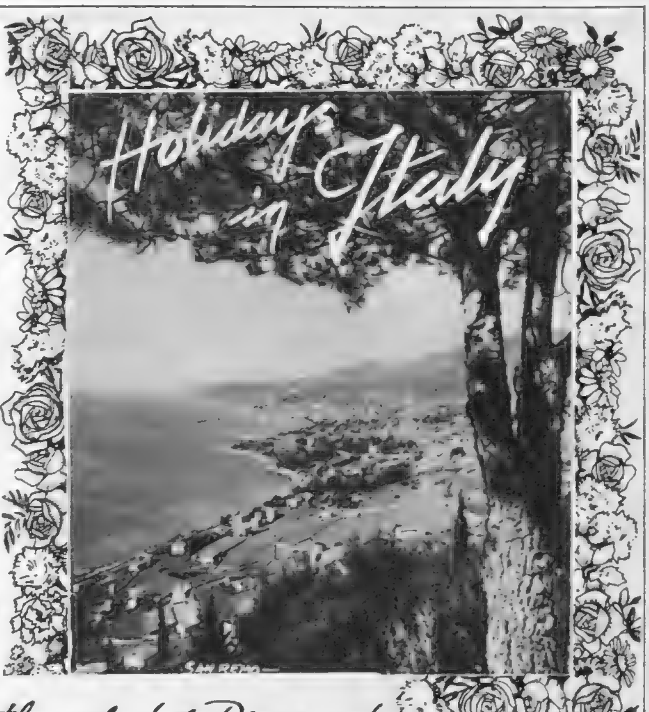

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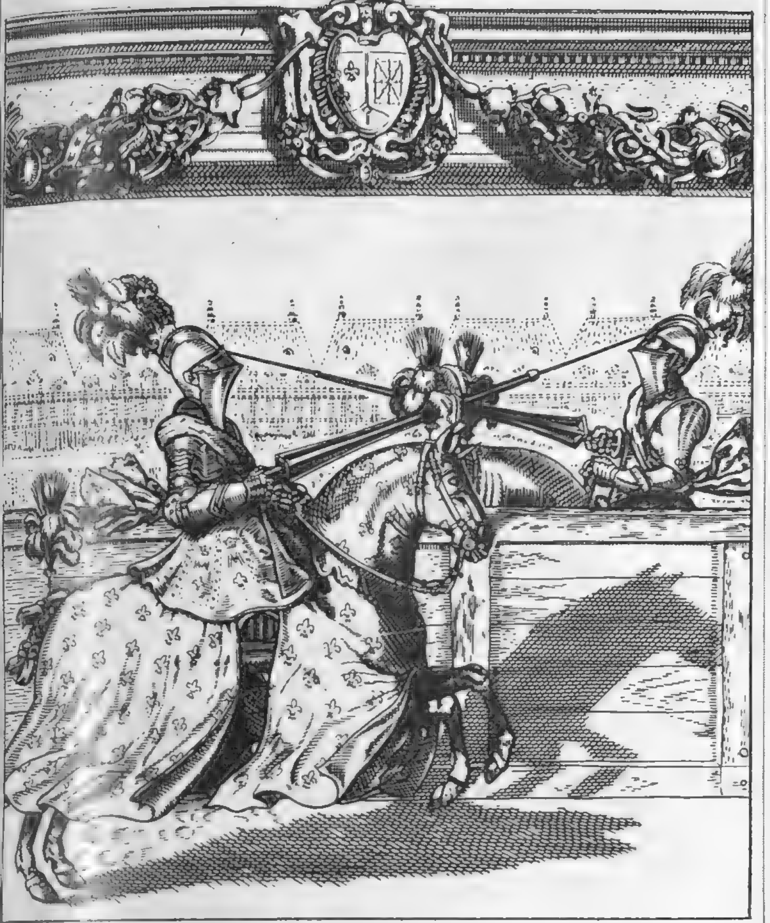

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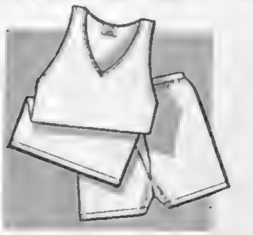

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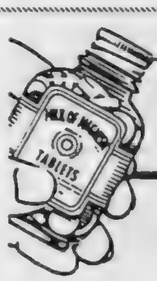

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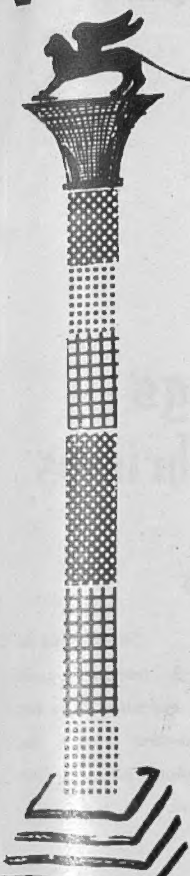

PRINCIPAL EVENTS of 1953

Festival of Summer Fashions (June 13th - 14th)
Exhibition of works by Lorenzo Lotto (June 14th - October 18th)
National Competition of Venetian Popular Songs (June 19th - 20th)
Open Air Opera Season (July)
Symphony Concerts in the Ducal Palace (July)
Exhibition of French Tapestries in the Palazzo Grassi (July 12th - September 20th)
XIVth International Film Festival (August 20th - September 4th)
XVIth International Festival of Contemporary Music (September 6th - 17th)
XIVth International Theatre Festival (September 19th - October 7th)

MUNICIPAL CASINO open all year round—Feast of the Redeemer (July 18th)—Night Regatta on the Grand Canal (August 22nd)—Historical Regatta (September 6th)—Artistic Events on the Island of St. George—International Tournaments of Tennis, Golf, Bridge, Clay Pigeon Shooting, etc.

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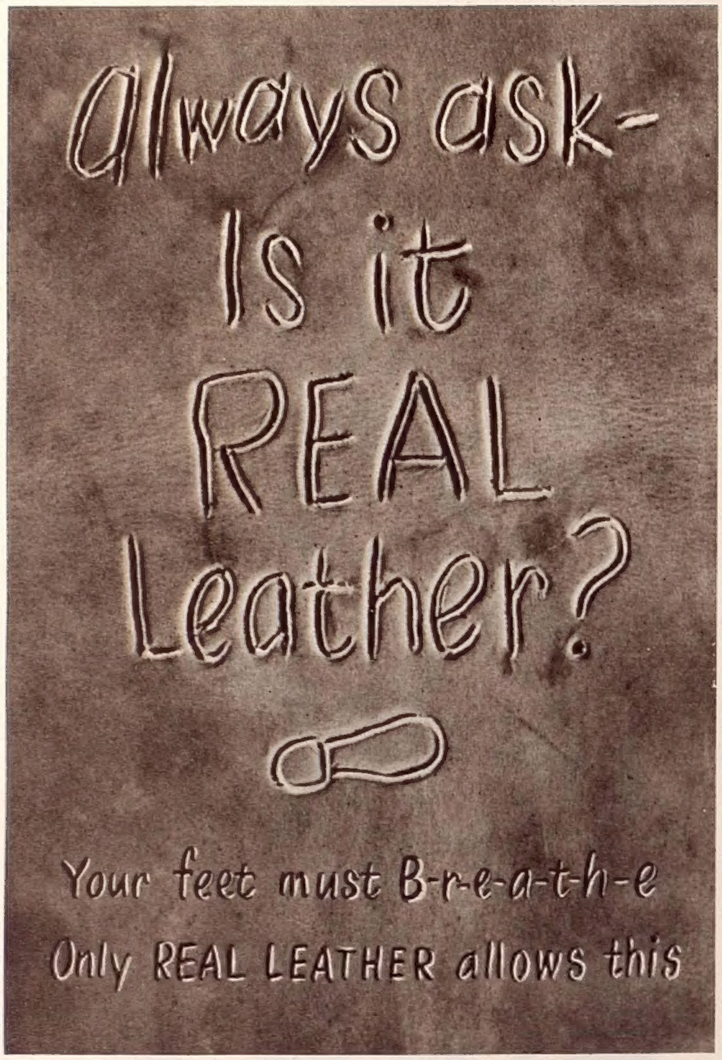

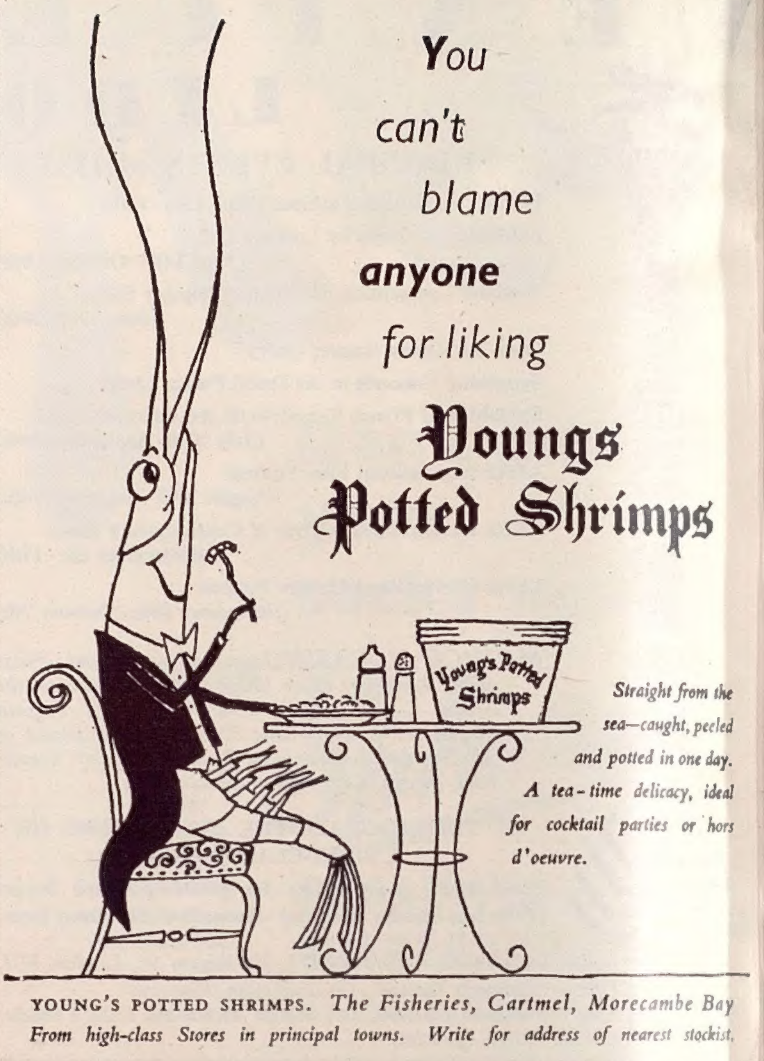

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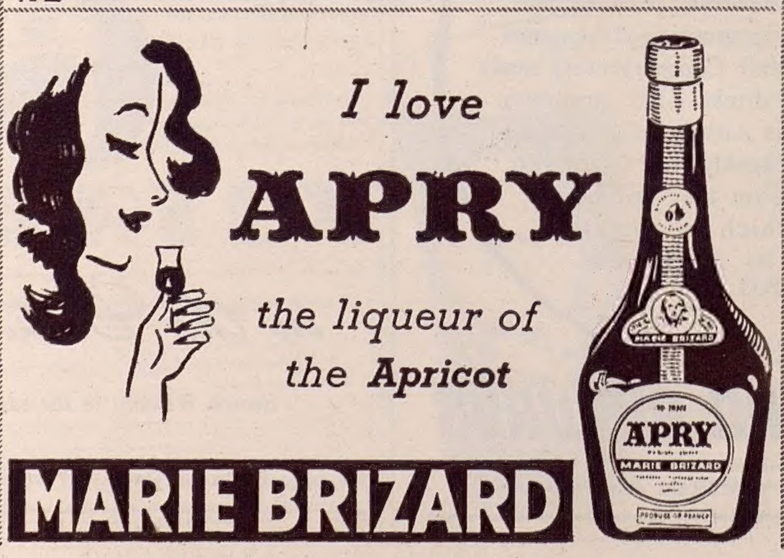

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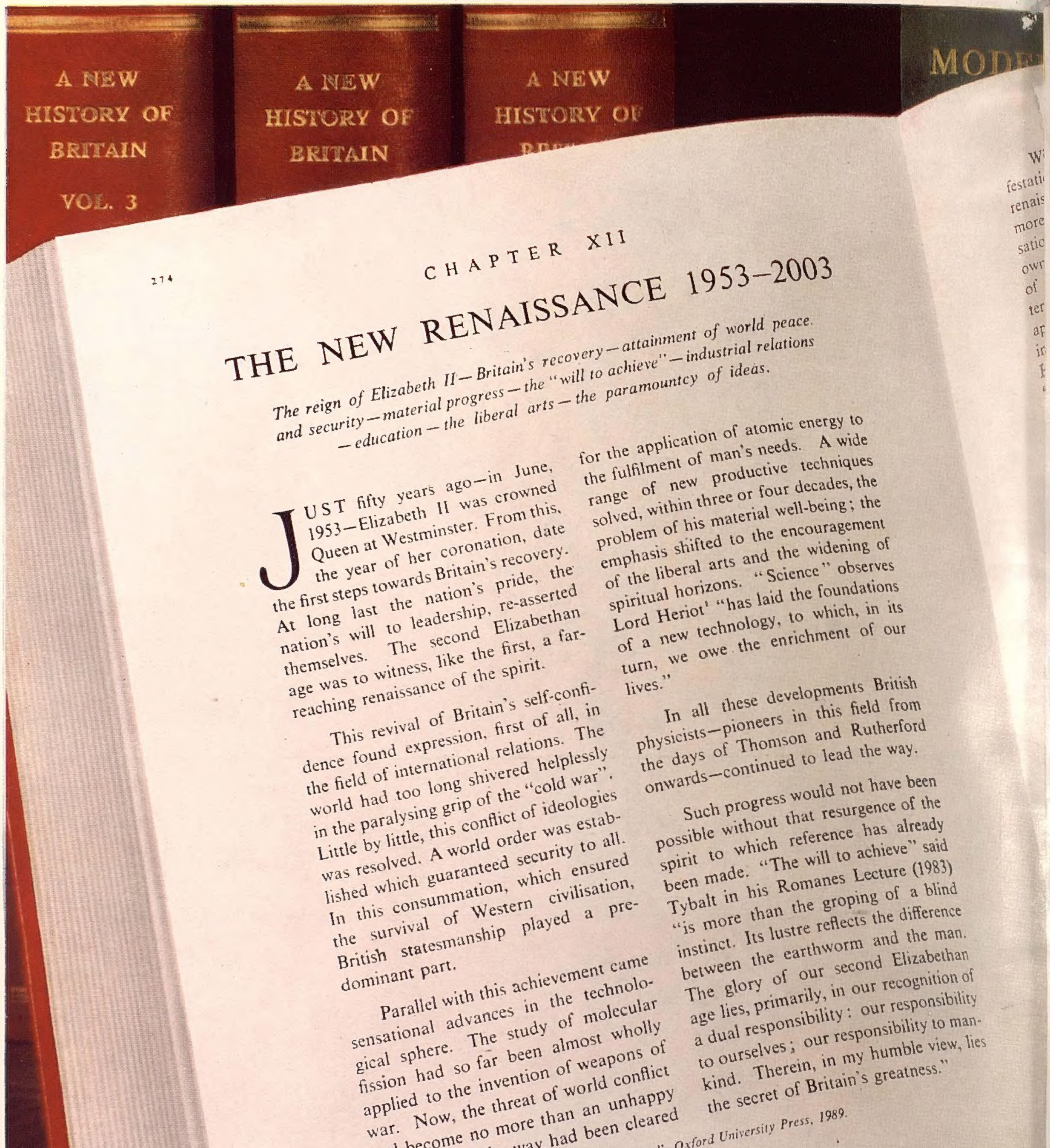

Schweppes present their humble duty to Her Majesty on the occasion of her Coronation

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